

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ON FISH-PONDS AND FISHING-BOATS.

IN a recent number (March, 1856) we endeavored to exhibit the condition of our Scottish sea-fisheries—those of the herring more especially—and to show that their increasing prosperity under the present mode of administration made it more than doubtful whether any interference with existing regulations was advisable. A subject with which the very life-interests of our poorer population are so intimately connected, cannot be too deliberately or cautiously considered; and we continue to trust that any change in these matters will be made rather in relation to the practical improvement and well-being of a very peculiar, and, we may say, exceptional portion of our people—such as those who pursue their dangerous calling on the deep—than in conformity with any abstract principle of political economy.

Before proceeding to the more technical portion of our present subject (that of the fishing-boats of Scotland, and their most appropriate size and structure), we desire to indulge ourselves, if not our readers, in a few miscellaneous observations on some cognate matters.

It has often struck us as a singular thing, and one which may certainly be ranked among the *opprobria* of natural history, that while so much has been successfully accomplished in the way of ascertaining the pursuits and habits, the early as well as the adult conditions of the salmon, that far more important species, THE HERRING, should have been utterly disregarded in everything except its capture and consumption. No doubt, Nature protects the latter much more effectually from the improvident poacher, or other ruthless destroyer, than she does a species which, in instinctive obedience to the regulating laws of its increase, labors under the necessity of entering into and travelling far along those narrow highways of water, commonly called rivers, where its precarious life lies under the merciless and unmitigated control of net-and-coble, cairn-net, and cruive, jam-dyke, mill-lade, and leister. The won-

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der is, that, laboring beneath such an accumulation of adverse contingencies, a single salmon survives to such matured condition as to present the ocular proof of its natural magnificence; and even should it chance to do so, we

“Love it for the dangers it has seen,”

and all the more rejoice over its final and inevitable doom, when we close our serried ranks around the “principal cut” of a fresh-run 30-pounder, externally all silver bright and blue—like some snowy alp o’er-canopied by the cerulean sky—internally like a combination of the illustrious houses of York and Lancaster, the “*belle couler de rose*” being fondly streaked with those snowy cloud-lets, which evanish after a few hours’ removal from its murmuring home. But herrings rejoice and abide in the exhaustless and unsearchable waters of the stainless deep, which call no man master, and there they come and go, no doubt under the regulating influence of some instinctive feeling, and in conformity with certain fixed habitual laws, with a view to their own increase and man’s advantage, but still with a boundless field for the exercise and recreation of their great armies (is not the word herring derived from the old Saxon *heer*, a mighty host?), and so possessing the power of withdrawal downwards into the dim, though not disastrous, twilight of the deep, where the devices of *humanity* are of no avail. It is chiefly for such reasons that we need no close-time for the preservation, or fixed periods for the capture, of herrings. Salmon require protection during the breeding season, not merely because they are then unfit for food, but because, even were they otherwise, by entering small and shallow waters with a view to spawn, they place themselves in the power of every lawless person who inconsiderately desires to commit an onslaught. Probably no salmon spawns in any place which is not more or less at the mercy of the human race, who, as regards the destruction of fish, have sought out many inventions.

The so-called natural history of the herring, as given in books, is the baseless fabric

of a vision. Let us here briefly record it as a sample of absurdity. We shall take Pennant as still the prevailing authority on a subject which men have in some measure beneath their eyes, if they would but exercise the functions of those "orbs" with which they seem, in truth, to rule the night, delighting to look on darkness rather than daylight.

Pennant (in his *British Zoology*) states that the "great winter rendezvous of the herring is within the arctic circle: there they continue many months, in order to recruit themselves after the fatigues of spawning, the seas within that space swarming with small crustacea in a far greater degree than in our warmer latitudes." So few of us go much beyond Shetland during the winter season, that it is of course by no means easy to say exactly what is doing at that inclement period within the arctic circle, which is somewhat farther north. But all that we know of these hyperborean seas proves that they are not much frequented by that fish at any time whatever, although a small species is described by Crantz as occurring north of Greenland, probably the same as that detected by Sir John Franklin during his second journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.

"They begin," continues Pennant, "to appear off the Shetland Isles in April and May: these are only forerunners of the grand shoal which comes in June, and their appearance is marked by certain signs—by the number of birds, such as gannets and others, which follow to prey on them; but when the main body approaches, its breadth and depth is such as to alter the very appearance of the ocean. It is divided into distinct columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, and they drive the water before them with a kind of rippling; sometimes they sink for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, then rise again to the surface, and in bright weather reflect a variety of splendid colors, like a field of the most precious gems, in which, or rather in a much more valuable light, should this stupendous gift of Providence be considered by the inhabitants of the British Isles. The first check this army meets in its march southward is from the Shetland Isles, which divide it into two parts; one wing takes to the east, the other to the western shores of Great Britain, and fill every bay and creek with their numbers: others pass on towards Yarmouth, the great and ancient mart of herrings; they then pass through the British

Channel, and after that in a manner disappear. Those which take to the west, after offering themselves to the Hebrides, where the great stationary fishing is, proceed towards the north of Ireland, where they meet with a second interruption, and are obliged to make a second diversion; the one takes to the western side, and is scarce perceived, being soon lost in the immensity of the Atlantic; but the other, which passes into the Irish Sea, rejoices and feeds the inhabitants of the coasts that border it."

All this is stated in such distinct and authoritative detail, as if it had been often witnessed from many a "beaked promontory," that we need not marvel it has been believed. Now there is not the slightest foundation in fact for such far migrations. The herring is a native fish, born and bred along our shores, which it never leaves for any length of either time or space, although it has its periods of retirement and repose like other considerate creatures, and is in the habit of sinking for security, especially after spawning, into the deeper and more tranquil places of the sea. The expression in daily use of "full" and "spent" herrings, indicates the difference which exists in their condition at different times; and why should the "myriad-minded Shakespeare" have employed the familiar similitude of a "shotten herring," meaning thereby a herring which had newly spawned, if that process were performed only amid the icebergs of the north, or beneath the stainless shadows of

"The earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow?"

We habitually find along our shores herrings of extremely small dimensions, as little as the least of all sprats or garvies; then we have them exceeding the size of the latter, but still of unmarketable measure; next come the *maties*, which may be regarded as the grise of herrings, the body firm and well-formed, but the spawn only slightly developed; and, finally, in autumn and the winter season, we meet with the breeding fishes, the milt and ova becoming more and more matured till the spawning process is performed, not "within the arctic circle," but in the immediate neighborhood of many a well-known shore. That this invaluable species never leaves our coasts is in truth demonstrated by the fact, that at one station or another it is successfully fished for all the year round. The herring fishing commences in May, off the east-

ern side of the island of Lewis or the Long Island, and continues there for some months. It spreads throughout the summer all along the western and eastern shores of Scotland, enriching many a land-locked bay and sylvan sea-loch, and attaining its maximum off the Caithness coast in August. It continues in Lochfine and other sheltered waters almost into the winter season. Although a summer occupation also off the Yarmouth district, it re-commences there in autumn, and advances well into the winter. In the Firth of Forth we have likewise a productive summer and autumnal fishery, advantageously renewed by the advent, in December and other winter months, of a medium-sized, well-flavored herring, by no means rich, yet not to be despised by any man whose destiny is not to dwell between Campbelton and Inverary. Scarcely has our winter fishing in the Firth of Forth terminated, than it commences off Ballantrae, and other stations on the Ayrshire coast, in early spring, by which time, however, the fish are spawning, and in bad condition. The early Yarmouth herring fishery commences from 10th to 15th March, and continues till about the middle of May, by which time it has begun again in Lewis. When herrings first show themselves off the last-named locality, they are almost always flabby and flavorless, although they improve rapidly as the season advances; and though not fit for branding, they bring a fair price abroad, as being the first produce of the season, and so are sought after rather by reason of novelty than their own nutritive nature.

There is a well-known bank off Ballantrae, often much resorted to by herring-boats in spring, although the fish are not seldom worthless, and only used for the manufacture of an inferior kind of red-herrings. An idea has long prevailed along our western shores, and still continues there in unabated strength, that the most luscious and highly flavored of all our herrings, those of Lochfine, do not spawn in that sheltered sea-loch, but migrate during winter to the Ayrshire coast, and spawn upon the bank off Ballantrae. It is therefore argued that the fishing there in spring is extremely destructive, by disturbing the parent fish in their operations, displacing the spawn when deposited, and destroying the old fish, at a time when they are worse than useless for human food. It is maintained

that this fishing should be prevented by law, as interfering with one of the great cradles of the finny race, and recklessly injuring the future captures of the famous herrings of Lochfine — seeing that the exhausted and insipid Ayrshire fish, if allowed the free fulfilment of their natural instincts, would, after abundantly peopling the submarine “banks and braes” of the southern side of the Firth of Clyde, return in renewed condition, with all their pristine fat and flavour, to enjoy the summer and autumnal seasons in that far-stretching inland water. There is no doubt that vast shoals of herrings, in a state of migratory movement, have been traced continuously from the latter loch, progressing outwards and onward in the direction of the Ayrshire coast, although by a somewhat devious route, till they have reached the spawning-bank off Ballantrae. This is an important, though it may be not altogether a conclusive fact, in the natural, or at least local, history of the herring. It is also curious, and to a certain extent confirmatory, that although Lochfine is so richly and redundantly stored with this delicious fish, we have no distinct knowledge of its spawning-grounds within the proper basin of the loch itself. That herrings do breed in Lochfine we doubt not, but that they also come and go, from and towards other places, and that the majority merely feed and fatten in those peaceful inland waters, we regard as highly probable, though not positively proved.

That the vicinity of Ballantrae is, however, a vast and invaluable piece of spawning-ground, we feel quite assured from ocular inspection. We have now dredged over it very carefully in the course of two successive springs. We waited till the usual March fishing had come, and almost gone, having at the same time, during its continuance, had samples of the herrings of both sexes cured and kept for our examination. The bank lies about a mile or little more off shore. It extends about a mile and a half in length by nearly half-a-mile in breadth, and is covered by from seven to nine fathoms of water. The bottom is a coarse shingle, composed of stones and gravel, firm without being fixed, and clear of mud or clay. The nets used are weighted along their lower edge by heavy stones, and, instead of floating free, after the ordinary drift-net fashion, they are let down till they touch and rest upon the bottom,

forming, as it were, a wall of netting. They are allowed to lie there for some time, causing, as is alleged, great destruction to the spawning fish, serious disturbance and prevention to such as are not actually netted, and vast and irremediable damage to the newly-deposited spawn, which is not only crushed and displaced by the heavily-weighted nets, but brought up in great masses when these are hauled, and rendered unproductive by removal from its natural bed. The ropes and general cordage of the nets are said to become, in the course of a night's work, so coated over with this tenacious spawn, as to resemble "a man's leg" in thickness. Great quantities of it are thus brought up into the boats, and of course perish, while other masses, after being loosened, are driven by currents to and fro, and either cast high and dry ashore, or eventually redeposited in places not naturally fitted for their reception and development.

For some time preceding our personal inspection of this bank, we had directed the superintendent of the fisheries to preserve a series of samples of both sexes for examination, from the commencement of the spring fishing. These of course represented the general condition of the shoal which was alleged to be there spawning. They were evidently so engaged, the majority being in the last stage of ripeness, while some were already half-spawned, and a few were spent fish. There were, however, comparatively very few of the last, a circumstance no doubt owing to the fact that these fish, so soon as they have spawned, sink away, as it were, from off the bank into the deeper water to recover strength, and do not show themselves again, either on that coast or elsewhere, till they are getting into comparatively good condition. Whatever information we have been able to obtain from others has constantly confirmed our own observations, made at various seasons, and on many points along our coasts, and tends to prove that spent fish are but seldom seen in numbers. However, over the bank in question the gravid fish had been hovering for some weeks, and were now beginning to decrease and disappear, and so we considered it a fit time to examine the state of the ground. We went over it very carefully with an oyster-dredge, during the better parts of several days, ever and anon bringing up to the surface a portion of the natural bed or shingle of which it was composed, for minute examination. Over large tracts there was scarcely a stone or pebble, from the size of a cocked-hat to a cherry-stone, that was not covered and incrustated, at least over all its upper or exposed surface, with a coating of eggs, forming a widely-diffused but by no means thickened mass of

ova, as the sands of the sea-shore innumerable. This congregated spawn was so extremely viscid or glutinous that small stones were massed together by it, and so might be lifted up in groups or strings, while the larger and more rocky pieces were coated over by the same adhesive covering, which could not at once be detached without some little pressure of the thumb-nail. It did not, however, seem to lie anywhere in lumps or thickly-agglutinated masses of itself, but was spread or superficially diffused, no doubt for the sake of more direct action of water upon each individual egg. In some places it had fallen pretty thickly into little crevices, or between the walls, as it were, of one stone and another, but a beautiful and pretty equal coating was, on the whole, the order of the day. So we infer that the large heaps or masses of herring-spawn, alleged to be brought up by the nets when these are either sunk by weights to the bottom, or used as trawls, are the result of *gatherings*, or accumulated scrapings, over the surface of the bed.

We need not here enter into more minute details. We satisfied ourselves of the fact that the Ballantrae bank, in all its length and breadth, was a principal haunt of herrings in the spring, and that they congregated then and there with a view to spawn. We had waited till their functions were nearly fulfilled (illustrative specimens having been, as we have said, preserved for our examination from time to time), and as soon as we were apprised of this, by the occurrence of half-spawned and spent fish, and the disappearance of the main body, we carefully examined the ground, and found it as just described, an almost uniform and continuous carpet of spawn. The ova were in various stages of development; some being pure, clear, almost colorless, resembling, though quite distinguishable from, the viscid matter in which they were enveloped; others having a pair of black speck-like eyes very discernible within them; while not a few could be seen, even without the assistance of a lens, to contain more shapely young ones, which, when held within a drop of water, on the palm of the hand, exhibited a heaving motion — one of those mighty throes by which an infant herring first seeks to anticipate acquaintance with the boundless deep. The sight was beautiful exceedingly, and of great interest and importance. We made a vain attempt to rear a few thousand in a state of satisfied captivity, knowing, by experience, that all things may be tamed except the tongue of man and his fair companion. But though our motives were good, our means were insufficient. We could only keep them in buckets on a cutter's deck, and even there

could not at that time conveniently accomplish a long or continuous course of observations. They were hatched rapidly from day to day, being at first like pale, ghostly fish, formed of slender threads, with distinct heads, and very observable eyes; but we fear that there was something awanting, or uncomfortable, in the natural conditions by which they were surrounded, as they all died and disappeared almost as soon as born. Such as we kept in small glasses, for the sake of observation, in the cabin, were very speedily hatched, but their life also was even as a vapor, and they were scarcely excluded before they expired. Their first step in life was their last.

With respect to the precise period of the spawning of herring, we have no doubt that, as in the case of salmon, it extends, when various localities are taken into view, over several months. We have seen many fish of both sexes, by the close of autumn and commencement of winter, obviously very near their spawning time. These would deposit early, that is, much sooner than the month of March, which seemed the concluding period for those of Ballantrae. We may therefore suppose the period to range from the beginning of winter to the commencement of spring. Neither need we doubt that the general nature of the locality chosen may be correctly inferred from that of the Ballantrae Bank, although we shall be glad to have additional and more extended observations. Although our people, both practical fishermen and proprietors, have long been aware that the northern migration of herrings was a myth, and that they were essentially a native fish, and "to the manor born," yet certain other inferences, deduced from superficial observation, and the casual occurrence of misplaced spawn, were equally inaccurate. We had ourselves been often told (and have, we fear, recorded) that the favorite spawning places of herring were "sandy spits," or promontories, near the shore. Now, sand may be looked upon as movable rather than heritable property, and would by no means suit the views of prudent parents, which, as we have already shown, prefer a somewhat fixed foundation of steadfast stones and gravel. Still more fanciful and fallacious was the belief that prevailed among some so-called observers in the Western Islands, that herring spawned among seaweed. So far, indeed, had this idea at one time gained belief, that an excellent and assiduous inquirer, very fond of natural science, the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, was actually induced by it to advise our Highland and insular coast proprietors to sacrifice the profits of their kelp manufacture, and abstain from cutting sea-weed, lest that

practice should interfere with the successful breeding of herrings. Now, consider for a moment where the masses of our sea-weeds really grow. With the exception of certain tangles, which merely wave their large flags over the subsided surface, and keep their stems beneath, it is always between high and low water-mark, a kind of debatable ground, where they meet with that alternate exposure and submergence which their natural constitution stands in need of. But that space is also the very region of storm and terror—the place where, during tempestuous weather, "the hell of waters" rolls and roars with the greatest and most unmitigated fury. There the very stones, as they turn over in myriads, make a murmuring moan, like the voice of far-off thunder, heard at intervals when the raging surf, as if exhausted, ceases for a moment its resounding roar, only to rise again and roll onwards more wrathfully than ever. Alas for the herring-spawn amid that dread contention, where it would inevitably be "cast up like mire and dirt" by the "sea which cannot rest." But we ourselves may rest assured that no herring (probably no fish that does not burrow like the sand-eel) deposits its spawn above low water-mark. Not far seawards of that line it may probably sometimes do so, but, we presume, invariably with an abiding covering of from thirty to sixty feet in depth of water, and upon a bottom of neither rock nor sand, but clean strong shingle. The kelpers may therefore cut away at their sea-weed without let or hindrance.

That very interesting and detailed observations might be made on the breeding of herring and other sea-fish by those who dwell in suitable localities, is very certain. Spawn, placed in a small sheltered creek, partially protected or built up, and yet subjected, in a modified manner, to the flux and reflux of the tidal waters, would afford an opportunity of constant and continued inspection, and might be obtained either as "anchored on its native shore," or pressed from the bodies of the parent fish, in accordance with the so-called artificial, that is, mechanical process, now so frequently and freely performed on salmon. We know that all kinds of sea-fish may be kept successfully in salt-water ponds, although we are not aware that their breeding and upbringing have been yet attempted. As many curious facts in their character and constitution might be thereby ascertained, we regret that none of the many who possess both time and local appliances, should have availed themselves of their natural position to institute such an experimental course of observation as that now indicated. While we find soldier-crabs and cray-fish, snails, aphrodites, and sea-anemones, all, if not

"capering nimbly in a lady's chamber," at least placed in glass jars on drawing-room and other tables, for the sake of so-called scientific observation, we regret the more that a portion of the needful patience and expense is not here and there bestowed on objects of equal beauty and interest, and far greater value.

Sea-ponds for the preservation of fresh fish for the supply of our tables, have never been generally introduced among us, and, except as matters of amusement, are not now likely to increase in number. The great abundance of all kinds of fish along our infinitely varied coasts, their easy and incessant capture, and the largely increased means of rapid transport from place to place, have almost equalized their distribution, and made far inland market-places as redundant in their scaly spoils as those of the resounding shore. But still there are stations, even now, very far from both church and market, and a good store of fresh fish would surely make some amends at least for the latter half of the deprivation, while it in no way embittered the effect of the former.

The last efficient sea-fish pond we chanced to examine is situate near Port-Nesson, in Wigtownshire. It was constructed in 1800 by Mr. Macdowall of Logan, and, being founded upon a rock, is as fresh as the year it was excavated. It consists of a deep basin, artificially hollowed out at the upper end of a narrow natural creek or crevice between two walls of rock, through which the tide flows at high water so freely as to keep the pond forever freshly salt, and for some hours full. When the tide recedes, of course the water subsides to the edge of the basin, leaving eight or ten feet in depth within it. The upper portion of the creek just adjoining this deep excavation is built up with large stones, firmly set, but without mortar, so that while the sea-water of each uprising tide flows through its interstices, it forms a sufficient barrier to prevent the escape or outward progress of the fishes. It was low water at the time of our visit, and so the pond and its contents were distinctly visible. A flight of steps leads downwards to a small platform by the water's edge, and the moment the old woman, who was our conductress, showed herself in the act of descending these steps, the whole body of cod-fish and other creatures moved towards her, just as a flock of poultry follow a henwife. She had in her hand a basin filled with sand-eels and limpets; and when we neared the surface of the pond, and were seen by the fish to be manipulating the contents of the basin, as many as could press themselves close in-shore raised their heads, or at least the anterior portion, quite out of the water, opened their mouths wide, and

made a gurgling and occasionally a snapping sound, the latter occasioned by the sudden shutting of their jaws, when they felt or fancied that something had dropped between them. The sense of taste or touch seemed quick and delicate in these ungainly creatures. While distributing the limpets, we somewhat idly cast in with them a few heads of the large "horse-gowans" (ox-eye daisy), which we had chanced to pluck in an adjoining meadow. They also speedily disappeared, but only for a single second, being instantaneously rejected with considerable force. In this way they sometimes blew even the desired limpets into each other's mouths. The majority seemed quite as tame and familiar as chickens or puppy-dogs. We observed that they were unable to swallow anything without previously making a downward plunge of their heads, and filling their mouths with water, the latter being no doubt immediately expelled through the gill-covers, while the food passed down into the gullet. They rolled lazily about, laying their heads over each other, and kept all pressing in a mass within the space of a few yards, close to the rocky ledge on which we stood, basin in hand, the latter being evidently the inducement to congregate, rather than any personal predilection for ourselves. The sight was singular, and showed how even the natives of the sunless deep may be domesticated, and rendered as familiar as land animals. As we stood on the lowest step, *au niveau* of the surface of the water, some of them laid their large languishing faces over our feet, allowed us to put our hands beneath them, and roll them over, or even raise and replunge them (as nurses do children) out of and then beneath their native brine. The species were chiefly cod, with a few lithe, a gurnard, and a small grilse or sea-trout. The last named was very shy and wary; and although hunger is a great leveller, and is apt to bring down haughtiness to a par with humility, yet while approaching the scene of festivity, he never ascended to the surface, but kept constantly darting about at a depth of six or seven feet below; and as the food, when thrown in, was instantaneously swallowed by the cloud of cod-fish which hung above, certainly none was allowed to make its way to *salmo* in the lower regions. Some of the cod had been imprisoned for about a couple of years. It is not found advisable either to keep them long in confinement, or to have them of large size, in consequence of their tendency, in either case, to tyrannize over the new-comers of smaller dimensions. The old fellows, therefore, require to be removed from time to time, and carried tenderly towards the larder. Herrings are seldom kept in confinement, as,

om their fat and defenceless nature, they too easily fall a prey to the more gaunt and wide-mouthed kinds, who engulf them greedily. But a pond, constructed on the same principle, perhaps more closely guarded by a fine grating, just where the water ebbs and flows, would be of great importance, by enabling us to ascertain the breeding and growth of herrings, and the production and development of the spawn of that invaluable species. On these points we as yet know next to nothing, and our ignorance of things so important for ourselves and our people to be made acquainted with, ranks, as we have said, among the opprobria of natural history, and of those who affect to follow that pleasant though unproductive recreation.

We were considerably affected by the tenderness of feeling which seemed to exist between most of these fishes and their ancient feeder. They had entire confidence in each other, and this was, no doubt, the foundation of their mutual respect and happiness, as it is that of all the domestic affections. There can be no real and enduring cheerfulness without it, either on the steadfast earth, or within the glittering waters. We know that many strong attachments have existed between men and fish. One of the most noted on record is that which was felt by Hortensius for a lamprey, at the death of which the orator almost broke his heart, and somewhat morosely resented a friend's cajolery of his grief, by retorting that such despondency would never have befallen him (the cajoler), who had survived seven wives, and never shed a tear for one of them. Antonia, the wife of Drusus, entertained so great a love for another lamprey, "that she could find in her heart to deck it, and to hang a pair of golden eare-rings about the gills thereof." Many of the conscript fathers, who might have had other things to think of, were so charmed when they succeeded in training some docile favorite to feed from their fingers, as to be wrapt in an elysium of delight. Tame fish are now quite out of fashion, although we hope that their recent introduction into the vivaria of our Zoological Gardens may revive the taste. We may add, that fish are great favorites in Otaheite. Mr. Ellis informs us, that he has frequently accompanied a young chieftain to the side of a hole. So soon as a whistle was sounded, an enormous eel would show itself upon the surface, where it fed fondly and familiarly from its master's hand.

The Roman writers describe the fish-ponds so frequent in ancient days. Varro states that there were two sorts—the one supplied with fresh-water, the other with salt. In the formation of the former, advantage was taken of the neighboring land springs, and

they were regarded as poor men's ponds; the latter were, of course, sea-ponds, and being much more expensive, were the exclusive property of the affluent. Sergius Orata, however, became a millionaire in consequence of his professional dealings in various kinds of fish. Columella enters into many details regarding the formation of sea-ponds. He recommends insular situations, where the soil is naturally poor and unproductive. The site chosen should be so near the sea, that its waters may easily wash through, and never stagnate, thus imitating the great main from which they are drawn, and which is in perpetual movement, and renewed from hour to hour. They may be either made of tiles or excavated in the solid rock, and the further extremity, which is deeper and cooler than the rest, should conduct by channels into a grotto, where the scaly flock may retire during the heat of the day, like cattle, for refreshment and repose. In supplying these reservoirs, the water should be let in from one place and out at an opposite, so as to secure a constant renewal—a thing of prime importance. When the vivarium to be formed is scarcely above the level of the sea, its basin should be dug down about nine feet, and the conduit-pipes placed about two feet from the top, and very capacious, so as to admit of sudden flushes of water to aid the issue of the more stagnant mass lying beneath the level of the sea. If the dimensions of the pond permit, the practice is recommended of removing fragments of rock covered with sea-weed from the shore, and scattering them about the enclosure in imitation of the open sea.* This is an excellent idea, not sufficiently attended to in our marine preserves, although it forms the very life and essence of our vivaria, the salt waters of which, however small in quantity, are kept *fresh*, that is, in their naturally pure and uncorrupted state, in consequence of the chemical action excited by the growth or existence of living sea-weeds.† The prin-

* For a notice of the ancient *vivaria*, see our old friend and correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Badham's amusing and instructive book on *Prose Haliæutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish Tackle*, London, 1854. The author is an excellent observer and accurate narrator, although a few of the fish seem to have taken him beyond his depth. Thus, in his brief discourse on the Salmonidæ, he states:—"It is not improbable that Ausonius may have mistaken, under the names *Salar* and *Fario*, different species of fish, as, till quite lately, the parr, which abounds in some Scotch rivers, and notably in the Clyde, was erroneously supposed to be juvenile salmon." Now, the very reverse of all this is the case. Till lately the parr was erroneously supposed to be a distinct species, and is now known to be a juvenile salmon, while the most notable thing about the Clyde is, that there are no parr at all in a great portion of its course, because the salmon, which is its parent, cannot ascend beyond the falls at Lanark.

† The late ingenious Sir John Graham Dalyell was one of our most assiduous and successful cultivators of marine zoology in its lower forms. He kept certain species alive in confinement (the same individuals) for between twenty

ciple, we believe, was first announced in our own days by the late ingenious Dr. Johnston, of Berwick, and has been well explained by Mr. Gosse, discussed by Mr. Kingsley, and carried into practice by many others. Any one may now — “tho’ inland far he be” — keep a tub or other vessel filled with sea-water, containing marine animals for observation, and without renewal of the water for a twelvemonth, if certain sea-plants, easily obtained, each anchored on its native stone or shred of rock, are permitted to grow within it. Probably *Columella* could not have explained the principle of reciprocity so well as our enlightened Professor of Technology, Dr. George Wilson, but he evidently knew the fact, and the necessity of its observance. He further advises, that when the work is completed, a series of stakes should be planted, in a semi-circular form, around the quarter where the water is let in, so as both to break the force of the impinging waves, and keep out all refuse of wrack and weeds, which would otherwise fill and speedily corrupt the pond. Our higher tides probably give us great advantages in the formation of sea-ponds, from the constant flux and reflux, compared with the almost uniform level of the Mediterranean waters. Although the ancients usually stocked their vivaria with fish, the natives of the neighboring shores, they sometimes brought others from a great distance. *Columella* announces another fact, which also takes precedence of an alleged modern invention, of a somewhat extraordinary nature, that they converted lakes and rivers into feeding and breeding places, by conveying into them not only the fish themselves, but also the spawn of such species as, though born in the sea, were in the habit of penetrating some distance inland, through streams and estuaries. These fish, though deemed the natives of the sea, were probably of a mixed nature, like our shads and smelts, habitually addicted to salt water, but seeking the fresh towards the time of spawning. A considerable power of conformability is possessed by some of these species, especially by that last named. It is long since Mr. Yarrel informed us that smelts may be kept in sound health and good condition for several continuous years in fresh water, without any access to the sea, and more recently Mr. Lloyd states as follows:

“In England the smelt visits our rivers only during its spawning season; and until naturalists here had seen the specimens that I brought from the Wenern (in Sweden),

and thirty years, supplying them with sea-water renewed once or twice a week, and carried from a considerable distance. What a saving of time, trouble, expense, and we may say anxiety, would have accrued had he been acquainted with this purifying action of sea-plants on salt-water!

which they pronounce to be identical in every respect with our own, they seemed little inclined to believe it equally an inhabitant of fresh as of salt water. But this fact being now proved, it would be easy to introduce the smelt into our ponds and lakes.”*

The Wenern is a vast fresh-water lake in Scania, cut off from any communication with the sea upwards, by the cataracts of Trollhätten. The smelts above alluded to must therefore be permanent residents in fresh water. In the spring of 1847, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson brought 200 full-grown smelts from Rochester, by sea and land, to Searles, and other inland places. In the course of February, 1853 he wrote to Mr. Lloyd that the pond at Searles was full of large smelts; “numbers have been taken out of it, and I ate of them when down there only last month, at which time they were full of roe.” These fish (*Osmerus eperlanus* of Fleming), commonly called *sperlins* in Scotland, are remarkable for their smell of fresh-cut cucumbers, and are assuredly a much better article for all culinary purposes than the roach, dace, &c., with which our ponds are so often filled, and so their substitution for these would be practically of great advantage.

We shall now conclude with a short exposition of a subject of great importance, closely connected with those which we have lately had in hand — we mean the *fishing-boats of Scotland*. Various opinions are entertained regarding the size, build, and rig of the boats employed, and whether the open-decked or half-decked are the safest, and otherwise most suitable. On these points our native fishermen are for the most part diametrically opposed in their sentiments to their brethren of the south — the one maintaining that none but open boats are fit for the herring fishery, the other as strongly asserting that they would not go to sea in any but a decked or half-decked one. On these important points we have now the advantage of some valuable memoranda furnished by the Hon. B. F. Primrose, Secretary to the Board of Fisheries, a gentleman not only of large official experience, but much given, by choice, from early life, to seafaring pursuits, which he has studied practically, in all their bearings.†

The Scotch herring fishery on the east coast is quite different from that upon the west, and the ensuing remarks apply almost exclusively to the former. It is also totally different from the English fisheries. From the Fern Islands to Duncansbay Head, the catch-

* Scandinavian Adventurers, vol. i. p. 125.

† See Mr. Primrose’s Letter to Captain Washington, in the Appendix to the Report by the latter, on the Fishing-Boats of Scotland, p. 67.

ing and curing departments are kept entirely distinct. A Scotch fisherman must deliver his herrings fresh to the curer within twelve hours of their being caught. The English constantly *rouse* their fish in salt, which is sufficient to preserve them for a day or two, should they not return to port during that time. But fish touched with salt would not be received by any curer in Scotland; nor would it be possible to cure them for foreign sale, or for the high-class home markets, unless they were either delivered fresh to the curer along shore, or completely cured on board a vessel after the Dutch mode—the latter plan being of course impracticable, without reducing the amount of produce to such a degree as to damage, if not destroy, our fisheries. The Dutch cure with the greatest skill, but only in small quantities at a time, in consequence of the necessarily restricted accommodation on board their vessels, to which by international law they are confined. It is *quantity* and *quality* combined that has enabled the Scotch fisheries to take such foreign markets as are not debarred by differential duties out of the hands not only of the Dutch, but of all other foreign competitors. There is no doubt that, if prohibitory duties are done away with, Scotch herrings would obtain a Continental monopoly, from their low price and high excellence. But this reduced cost and fine quality can only be afforded, or attained, by an immense establishment of curers being kept simultaneously engaged in the preservation of the herrings brought ashore; while the fishermen, on their part, must capture all they can, and deliver them fresh with the utmost rapidity. The exhaustless sea, under a benign Providence, furnishes the requisite supplies, and the successful capture and the fresh delivery depend upon the exertions of the crews, the nature of their boats, and a strict enforcement of the rules which now regulate proceedings at our fishing-stations.

The Scotch herring-boats usually lie in harbor all day, and set out together in the evening. The men shoot their nets at sunset, haul them in at sunrise, return shorewards in companies, and deliver their cargoes at an early morning hour. This takes place every day during the fishing season; and be the weather fair or foul, the tides high or low, the boats must go out in the evening, and return again early next day. We need scarcely say that the coast is for the most part rugged and rock-bound, often precipitous, with few or none of those good natural harbors, so frequent along our highly-favored western shores, and that the fishermen must therefore rely, for any assurance of safety, on artificially constructed piers or jetties. We recently showed that even on

these their hopes were to often sadly delusive. These men are generally so poor that the majority could not fish at all but for advances by the curers, and they have consequently seldom any capital to lay out on an expensive boat. The objects which they have therefore to consider are:

1st, To get a substantial boat at the smallest prime cost.

2d, Such a boat as will yield the greatest produce, and work with the fewest hands.

3d, That will row easily, as well as work.

4th, That will draw little water, and take least room in a crowded harbor.

5th, That will stow the largest quantity of fish, be capable of delivering them most expeditiously, and be afterwards washed out with the least trouble.

The Scotch herring-boat combines these required qualifications in a greater degree than does any other.

In the following prices of boats, the value of nets and fishing-gear is not included, as that is nearly the same, whatever boat is used.

The large Yarmouth lugger complete, costs £400.

The small half-decked boat, ditto, from £180 to £200.

The Cornish pilchard-boat, ditto, from £160 to £200.

The Scotch herring-boat, complete, costs only from £60 to £70.

The large Yarmouth lugger frequents the Scotch fisheries, but only that its owner may purchase fish; for so unsuited is it to their actual capture off our shores that the skipper finds it more profitable to buy from our men, even at the extravagant price of 27s. per cran, which has often been obtained, than take the fish out of the sea for nothing. They cannot hang to their nets, or follow the capricious shifting of the fishery-grounds, like our boats; and once out of the harbor, they cannot get back till the weather and tide permit them, as they are not able to row in light winds or calms. The half-decked English boat for £180, is manned by seven or eight men, but the Scotch boat by five men. Supposing the English boat to be as well adapted for the fisheries as the Scotch boat, she will bring no more fish to market, as she can work no greater drift of nets. A capital has therefore first to be raised, to fit out one English boat, that would send out two and a half Scotch boats to the fisheries, and the return from the capital must be afterwards divided for the maintenance of seven or eight men, although with us it now barely suffices for the subsistence of five. But the boat itself is not so well adapted for the practical purposes of the fishery. The Scotch double-lug rig is peculiarly favorable

for the uses our boats are put to. The whole of the canvas is within board; there is no gear to foul, or be carried away in getting in and out of a crowded harbor; the steersman has only to measure the length of his boat, and range her into her place at the first opening he sees, and if her sides stand the squeeze, she will get no other damage, — whereas the bowsprits, booms, and shrouds of the other rig would all be in his way, and receive such constant injury as to cause the loss of many days' fishing, besides requiring outlay for repairs. Then the herring fishery particularly requires that the mast and sail shall be separate, as in the lug; for the boats, after their nets are shot, have their masts lowered and crutched, to prevent drifting; and before hauling in the nets, a clear area is made in the stern-sheets to receive the fish. The lugs are unhooked and stowed forward; the mast, being a bare spar, lies fore and aft, and offers no impediment; and as the net is hauled in, it is shaken and coiled down wherever there is room, while the fish, by thus dropping the one on the other, strike no hard substance to knock off their scales, which unfits them for perfect cure. The men being unhampered by booms or standing gear of any kind, have full space for their work, as well as for coiling down their nets, which are of immense length and size, each boat fishing with nearly 20,000 square yards of netting. At the last haul, if the wind is light but scant, or if there is none at all, they begin to row to harbor. No resistance of spars retards the boat's progress, while the enormous weight of the herrings, with the wet nets, gives the crew of five enough to do to get back in time to receive the full price of fresh fish from the curer. They could scarcely pull any additional weight. A double lug is no doubt a most unhandy rig for working a boat to windward, but it has all the advantages described for meeting the peculiarities of the Scotch fishery; and the balance appears in its favor so far as *large produce* is concerned, and that must be ever in kept in view, and steadily maintained.

It is, however, important that the double lug should not be made more unhandy than it is, and also dangerous, of which there would be some risk were decks added to the boats.

These lug-sails have to be lowered every tack; and, during the operation, the boat is unmanageable, having no steerage way upon her, or canvas to keep her steady. In a heavy sea, her tendency is to make what is called a stern-board, while the men must be in constant movement, shifting over yards, tacks, and sheets. They thus require as much space as they can get, and have to

hold on with their legs by the thwarts. In an open boat, as they stand upon the floor, their weight is brought low, and they have thus the whole depth of the boat to save them from being canted overboard. With a decked or half-decked boat, the space being more confined, the men must occasionally stand upon the deck, where a lurch of the boat is fatal if they lose their footing, and their weight renders the boat so crank that she is much more liable to turn over. The same risk prevails in stepping the masts, and the deck undoubtedly offers impediments to the stowing away the sails, coiling the nets, shovelling out the fish, and dashing water over the boat. With us the nets are landed and dried daily, and the fisherman ought, before going home, to wash out his boat clear of scales fore and aft, as old scales taint the new fish. They are somewhat too careless about this already, but would undoubtedly become doubly so if they had to work under a half-deck.

The English half-decked boats are usually either fore-and-afters, or, if lug-rigged, have a jib and mizzen, which give the boat steerage-way while tacking; but our boats could not fish as they now do in congregations — 800 from Wick, 300 from Fraserburgh, 400 from Peterhead, all leaving and re-entering their harbors daily, if fitted with a bow-sprit and bumpkin. Still less could they do so from the smaller harbors and narrow creeks, which they not seldom frequent, and where an exclusive herring-trade is carried on with immense success. Lastly, many landmen man the boats, who must leave them if the rig is not of the simplest kind, but whose services at the nets, and handling of the fish, are most valuable. They are a sort of intermediate class of curers, who never lose sight of what is to be done with the fish after it gets ashore, because they have an interest there also; and in the general scramble for employment that attends upon the fishing season, they prove a most useful class, since they can be put to any work, and do it cheap.*

It will thus be seen that these fisheries are peculiar, and stand somewhat alone in their character and constitution, and that the

* We ought, however, here to note, and on the authority of Captain Washington, that this frequent practice of engaging landmen to complete a crew, is sometimes not only disadvantageous, but the cause of great disaster. In the majority of the north-country boats wrecked at Peterhead in August, 1848, three of each crew of five were landmen, and in consequence were quite unable to manage the boat or dip their sails while running in before the storm. They thus hauled up for the harbor with their sails aback against the mast, in consequence of which the boats lost their way, and drove ashore; while the Newhaven and south-country boats, with properly-set sails, fetched up to the pier-head, and so were saved. The thorough-bred fishermen are quite aware that fewer boats and better manned, is the principle to proceed upon.

propriety of a partial alteration must be measured by its adaptation to the entire system, not as bearing simply on a single object, however important—such as that of the safety of the men. But even upon that vital point, the reports which were given in to the Commissioners of the Board of Fisheries, regarding the deplorable loss of life on the fatal 19th day of August 1848, go to prove that no less loss would have occurred had the boats been decked, for many escaped into harbor which could not have done so had they drawn more water. The chief sacrifice, both of property and human life, at Wick, took place in consequence of the boats striking upon the bar at the harbor's mouth, and breaking up in the surge,—a catastrophe which must have happened to any boat, whether decked or open, of such a size as to engage with any prospect of success, in the Scotch fishery. Mr. Primrose has pointed out, with his accustomed clearness, the difference between the latter and that of Yarmouth, as sufficient to explain and justify the disparity in respect to boats. The herrings caught off Yarmouth and the neighboring coasts are chiefly cured as *reds* or *bloaters*, and may therefore be slightly salted on board, and kept so for a day or two without prejudice to their subsequent cure.* Thus the boats

may stay at sea, and so are all the better of their bulkier build. On the other hand, the Dutch, Belgians, and French, who take part in our fishery, do so off what is to them a foreign shore, where they dare not land to sort and cure. They must meet this disadvantage by coming in a class of vessels that will convey them from their own shores to the neighborhood of ours; but, in consequence of this necessity, they cannot compete with us in the quantity of produce, and it is in this that our advantage lies. An erroneous estimate of the Dutch fishery, and the rash assumption that because their mode of cure was undoubtedly the best, their entire system, irrespective of the forced conditions under which it was carried on, must also necessarily be the best, led our Government to the granting of a bounty upon open-sea and deep-sea decked vessels, which proved a total failure, and was given up.*

The Dutch get artificial prices for their early salt-herrings, just as they formerly got still more artificial or fancy prices for their tulips, and the small unspawned herring called the *matie* (bearing the like relationship to the larger fish as a grilse does to a

* Red herrings are made from salted ones by means of smoking, and their quality depends upon two things—their original excellence, and their subsequent mode of treatment. Many indifferently salted herrings are converted into *reds*. If the former are permitted to lie long in pickle, they must be steeped in fresh water to reduce their redundant saltiness; and it is this process of previous soaking which deteriorates their subsequent condition as red herrings. But there is a certain short period during which they may be removed at once from the pickle to the smoking-house without any intermediate process. When intended to keep for a length of time, they are allowed to hang in the smoke (of wood or turf) for about three weeks, and then become the ordinary gold-colored red herrings of commerce. The blue and silver sorts are but slightly steeped, and are smoked for scarcely more than a day and night. Of these the flavor is fresher and more delicate, but they must be eaten within not many days after their cure. The others will keep almost as long as an Egyptian mummy. Transit by steamboat and railway is now so rapid that herrings, even from remote fishing-stations, may be prepared as *bloaters*, being sent, slightly salted, in boxes or barrels, from which the pickle is allowed to escape. They are then speedily forwarded to the smoking premises, where they are first washed (but not steeped or soaked), and then subjected to the smoking process for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Of course these do not keep, and are sure to deteriorate rapidly, more especially in sultry weather, but are excellent when eaten *new*.

"It is a well-known fact," says Mr. David Loch, writing in 1778, "that about a century ago, the people of Yarmouth and Leostoffe, in the county of Norfolk, learned the art of curing herrings *red* from the inhabitants of Dunbar, there having been before that period many houses in this town for that purpose, in which millions of herrings had been cured." "A few years ago this tribe (the herrings) paying us another visit, we were obliged to send for the great-grandchildren of those very persons whom we had instructed in the art, to return hither to teach us."—*Essays on the Agriculture, &c., of Scotland*, vol. III. p. 238.

The author above named alleges that the first red herrings ever made in Great Britain were cured at Gourcock by Mr. Gibson, "who may justly be styled the father of the trade of Glasgow and of the west coast. It is a shame

to this country that neither monument nor inscription stands to save his memory from dark oblivion." It has been suggested that a gigantic herring, cut out of red Aberdeenshire granite, might prove a lasting and not inappropriate monumental emblem of Mr. Gibson's genius. Where does he lie interred?

The priority of discovery in respect to most great inventions has been disputed. As with printing, so with the pickling of herrings. According to Laccapede, he who first found out "l'art de pénétrer le hareng de sel marin," was a Dutchman of Biervliet, who rejoiced in the euphonious denomination of Wilhelm Deukelszoon. Others allege that a person of the same period (the fourteenth century), but who answered to the name of Benckels or Benckelson, was the actual originator of salt herrings: he died in 1397. The Emperor Charles V. visited his grave, and ordered a magnificent tomb to be erected over his remains. "Let us who are Frenchmen," says Laccapede, "whilst we show ourselves perfectly disposed to render homage where it is due, never forget that, although it was a citizen of Biervliet with whom first originated the excellent idea of salting and barrelling herrings, a citizen of Dieppe first taught the world another at least equally important art—how they might be smoked."

Dr. Badham is of opinion that the various statements on the subject of man's first acquaintance with cured herrings, "must be taken with a grain of salt, as a smoky obscurity hangs over that interesting epoch." We know, however, that herring fisheries were prosecuted in the Baltic early in the twelfth century, and that to these many foreign vessels resorted. The produce must, therefore, have been salted, or otherwise cured, prior to exportation. In 1290, the vessel dispatched to bring the infant Queen of Scotland from her Norwegian sire was victualled at Yarmouth, and a portion of her dried fish consisted of herrings. So also in 1385 (reign of Edward III.) cargoes of *white* herrings were found in vessels captured by the Cinque Ports; and during the same reign *red* herrings are specially mentioned by name. So we fear that both salting and smoking were well known before the hopeful mother of either Deukelszoon or Benckelson rejoiced that a man-child was born into the world.

* Much valuable information may be obtained from Captain Washington's Report to the Admiralty "On the Loss of Life, and on the Damage caused to Fishing-boats on the East Coast of Scotland, in the Gale of the 19th August 1848." Printed by order of the House of Commons, 28th July, 1849.

salmon) is met with in early summer at a distance from the shore. In the capture and cure of these the Dutch are assiduous and successful; but give them, or any other foreign nation, the privilege of fishing all the season through along the wooded shores of deep Lochfine, or other far-stretching and well-sheltered Highland valley, into the bosom of which the "great sea-water" ever works its sinuous way, and it will soon be seen whether the Mynheers and Messieurs prefer the open ocean or the land-locked bays.

We think it right to conclude this important subject by stating, that Captain Washington, up to the close of his inquiry, continued unconvinced of the propriety of the Scotch views so well propounded by Mr. Primrose. He expressed a hope that our fishermen would lay aside what he regarded as their prejudices, and that our builders would take the trouble to examine the lines of the most approved English boats, and satisfy themselves whether they might not improve on their present practice, and furnish the fisherman with a boat in which he may have confidence under all circumstances, instead of being anxious himself, and the cause of anxiety to others, lest an on-shore gale should spring up when he is out at sea. Such a feeling, he informs us, is entirely unknown among the Mount's Bay men in Cornwall; although the sea which rolls in

upon the Land's End is certainly by no means lighter than that on the coast of Caithness; nor is the Scotch fisherman in any way less hardy or courageous than the Cornishman. He attributes the difference to an unconfessed want of confidence among our people in their own boats. The fore-castle deck, however, has now been introduced among us. One-half of the Fraserburgh boats have it, and no inconvenience has resulted. A deck of this kind, from 8 to 10 feet in length from the stem, in a boat measuring from 35 to 40 feet, may be made to contain two or three more sleeping-berths, and does not deprive the boat of much fish stowage, as it is but seldom (and the practice is always dangerous) that she is overloaded. Captain Washington has recorded his opinion, that even a fore-castle deck would make a boat safer, as, in the case of her shipping a heavy sea, it would throw it aft out of the bows, and thus enable her to rise again to meet the ensuing wave. "That a cargo of herrings may be a little more expeditiously landed from an entirely open boat is just possible, but that trifling saving of time should not for a moment be allowed to weigh against the shelter, comfort, and safety to the crew that a fore-castle deck would afford." *

* Report, p. xxii.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF EGYPT.—On Tuesday evening, 10th June, a lecture was delivered by Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie, F. S. A., before the Syro-Egyptian Society, upon the recent important discoveries on Egyptian Astronomy, together with the results of Professor Lepsius' researches into the land-measurements of the Egyptians. Dr. Lee, of Hartwell, occupied the chair. It appears that until recently the names of the Egyptian planets were very imperfectly known, but the fortunate discovery of a set of demotic tablets of the Roman period, containing a register of the motions of the planets for some years, has now solved the mystery. These tablets have been translated by M. Bruysch, and commented on by Viscount de Rouge. The results are important for Egyptological science for it is singular to find that on the translation being submitted to astronomical verification by Mr. Ellis, of Greenwich Observatory, the motions were found to be absolutely correct. Dr. Mackenzie illustrated the subject by several diagrams. The unit of the table of land measurements of the ancient Egyptians was likewise unknown, and the lecturer explained the process of induction

by which Professor Lepsius had been enabled to ascertain it. In conclusion, the lecturer enlarged upon the important fact that the union of science with philology had been the sole means by which these results were mathematically demonstrated. "The importance of obtaining the correct Egyptian names for the planets can scarcely be over-estimated, especially when the deductions of philologists are confirmed by the calculations of astronomers. And," said Dr. Mackenzie, "not only is this highly satisfactory in itself but it is part of a grand chain of evidence as to the mutual dependence, of scientific men, which may ultimately lead to a general Scientific Alliance among the societies pursuing different branches of study. Such unanimity between the highest mathematical science, astronomy, and the laborious investigations of philologists, are an indication that philology too may become one day an exact science." Land measurement was equally bound up with mathematical science, as the lecturer showed. After some observations from the chairman, Dr. Lee, and Mr. Bonomi, thanks were voted to Dr. Mackenzie.

SALVE !

WELCOME, Sir Knight of Kars ! whose own brave
brand

Hath laid on thine own shoulder knightly
style;

Tread with free foot again the English land,
The green foam-girdled Isle.

She greets thee for thy gallant labor done;
At the sea's verge, with eager eyes and hands,
Waiting, like mother for her soldier-son,
Thy grateful country stands.

Thou comest not, of captive banners, lord;
Thou bringest her no tokens from the fight;
None but an English brow and English sword,
Both unapproached and bright.

'Tis well; she hails the sword that held the
trench
And kept the maddened Muscovite at bay;
She greets the calm, bold brow that did not
blench
When famine rose to slay.

In her gay train gartered, and starred, and
striped,
Mid louder voices let our voice be heard,
Who have not danced amain to all who piped,
Nor smiled and wept at word.

Sooth ! there be tongues will shout at thy
release
And praise to blushing every battle scar,
Lips that have sung paid Paeans for the peace
And hiring hymns for war.

Take thou no heed ! enough there be who know
What work did wait thee in the Turkish town,
And how thou heldest Kars against her foe,
Till wall and hope went down.

Enough there be who know what vanquished
thee :
Not the sworn purpose of the savage North;
Famine, and fear, and carnage, not these
three—
But they who sent thee forth.

Not thine the shame, the blood and tears it cost;
So much, alas ! for ah so little gain
Our best achievement—a strong city lost,
Our hero—bound i' the chain.

Theirs, theirs, not thine ! Welcome, Sir Knight
of Kars,
Well hast thou won the golden crest and spur;
All England bids thee welcome back from wars,
Knight of the Right, and her.

— The Press.

NEIGHBOR NELLY.

I'm in love with Neighbor Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten,
While I am eight-and-forty,
And the married-est of men.

I've a wife who weighs me double;
I've three daughters, all with beaux;
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a Squaretoes and a Buffer,
Yet I've sunshine in my heart,
Still, I'm fond of cakes and marbles—
Can appreciate a tart.

I can love my Neighbor Nelly
Just as though I were a boy,
And could hand her plums and apples
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller;
She is vigorous of limb;
(You should see her play at cricket
With her little brother Jim !)

She has eyes as blue as damsons;
She has pounds of auburn curls;
She regrets the game of leap-frog
Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my Neighbor Nelly;
I invite her in to tea,
And I let her nurse the baby,
Her delightful ways to see.

Such a darling bud of woman !
Yet, remote from any teens—
I have learnt from Neighbor Nelly
What the girl's Doll-instinct means.

O to see her with the baby
(He adores her more than I),
How she choruses his crowing,
How she hushes ev'ry cry !

How she loves to pit his dimples,
With her light forefinger, deep;
How she boasts, as one in triumph,
When she's got him off to sleep.

We must part, my Neighbor Nelly,
For the summers quickly flee.
And thy middle-aged admirer
Must, too soon, supplanted be.

Yet—as jealous as a mother,
A suspicious, canker'd churl—
I look vainly for the setting
To be worthy such a pearl.

— Household Words.

From The Spectator.

THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE—CAUSE AND REMEDY.

1 ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, }
16th June, 1856. }

SIR, — Engineering and other criticism on the late water calamities takes the form of a speculation as to what should be done in providing sufficient embankments and outlets to carry off surplus water in times of emergency. There is deeper speculation than this as to the cause of the inundations, and there are certain facts that must enter into the consideration.

Time was, if report be correct, that the Rhone was a regular river in its habits, providing for navigation the year round, not subject to overflow, and certainly not to the extent observed at various intervals of late years. The proof of this is the large number of buildings formed of sunburned bricks, which melt down like sugar-candy when soaked in water. It is clear that people would not have built such structures where they expected floods to reach them; and thus we have evidence that floods reach to a greater height now than formerly. We know also that the Rhone is not a navigable river above three months in the year. We therefore cannot escape the conviction that some great change must have taken place of late years to convert a regular stream into an alternate flood and shallow. The solution is not difficult to arrive at.

All great rivers must be supplied from one of two sources — the waters of evaporation converted into rain, or into snow. In a country of much rain the river may be maintained in constant flow without great foundation-stores. In a country with a long dry season the regular river must be provided with natural fountain-stores for gradual overflow.

The sources of the Rhone are the hills and valleys of the Alps. In the olden time these were thickly wooded, and the pine forest sheltered the snow from the sun and prevented it from sliding down the slopes. Gradually melting, it supplied, but did not overflow the river the year round.

Increase of population and scarcity of fuel have year after year denuded the mountains of timber. The snow descends, but has no shelter. It collects till change of temperature loosens it, and it rushes down in an universal torrent, to produce temporary destruction succeeded by a draught. Within a few years past several inundations have occurred at Lyons, and the last one the most mischievous. Future ones will probably exceed this. If France would maintain her noble Rhone and disable it for mischief, it

is to the mountains of Switzerland that she must apply, not her engineering, but her planting faculties, restoring the pine forests that nature provided and man has destroyed. Better rent from the Swiss the Alpine forests and Lake Lemman as snow and water storage, and pay them in coal of St. Etienne the fair value of the fuel, than go on suffering a perennial havoc, or only avoiding it by digging out great trenches and piling up huge mounds, to waste the precious source of fertility in the Mediterranean Sea. Switzerland, like France, trusts to timber for fuel; and population in countries with winters is ever pressing against the means of artificial warmth; and thus trees of all kinds, whether serving for ornament or utility, are destroyed. Only by the free diffusion of mineral fuel, or by lessening the amount of population, can this evil be remedied. It behoves France to study the interests of Switzerland as well as her own, for she holds the keys of the water-supply; and, used rightly, that water-supply would be a source of wealth that would out-value manyfold the fee simple of the Alpine forests. Years back, a Swiss engineer built up a name by constructing the famed slide of Alpnach, to facilitate the denudation of mountain forests. The economist will win greater fame who shall be the means of restoring the forests to their ancient boundaries, as valuable to France as are the artificial lakes called bunds to Eastern India. Every country possesses its own peculiar properties and aptitudes. The peculiar aptitude of Switzerland is that of a great water company for the supply of a large part of Europe in France, Germany, and Italy. Were it a possible thing for Switzerland to store up the whole of her water, suffering the surplus to flow away by some underground tunnel to the sea, she would become a practical part-owner of the fertile lands beyond her borders as a commutation or rent-charge. As it is, she only possesses the power of ravaging those lands at intervals, unintentionally, through the mere poverty of fuel amongst her people. Switzerland is a necessity to Southern France, and on her well or ill-being must depend much of the prosperity of Southern France. Only give the Swiss a greater inducement for the maintenance than for the destruction of those forests, and the evil will be remedied. If the Third Napoleon takes this wide view of the engineering question, he will unite the interests of France and Switzerland in a joint bond against poverty of fuel, either by tempting the Swiss to work in France, or by the transfer of mineral fuel as a burnt offering to save the forests.

Yours faithfully, W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

STRANGE INSTANCE OF SYMPATHY.—The Duke de Saint Simon mentions in his *Mémoires* a singular instance of constitutional sympathy existing between two brothers. These were twins — the President de Banquemore, and the Governor de Bergues, who were surprisingly alike, not only in their persons, but in their

feelings. One morning, he tells us, when the president was at the royal audience, he was all on a sudden attacked by an intense pain in the thigh: at the same instant, as it was discovered afterwards, his brother, who was with the army, received a severe wound from a sword on the same leg, and precisely the same part of the leg!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING.

THERE is an art in making or doing anything well, although we cannot always lay down its exact laws, or any laws that will be equally applicable to it under all circumstances. Poetry has been considered an art from time immemorial; but where are we to look for its laws? Aristotle tells us that it is one of the arts of imitation, distinguished from the other imitative arts by its means and modes, and governed by certain rules which he strictly expounds. But this does not satisfy the whole inquiry, and much has been done in opening and lighting up the subject since the days of the Stagyrte, and a great deal discovered that was not dreamt of in his philosophy. Setting aside the laws, where are we to find even a definition of poetry so true, obvious, and comprehensive, as to command general assent? It is curious enough to observe how the critics have differed in their definitions of poetry, upon the essence of which all mankind, including the critics themselves, are, and ever have been, agreed.

Sir Philip Sidney, in one of the earliest treatises in our language on the subject, adopts, as he was bound to do, Aristotle's general definition, and then goes on to say that it is not "apparelled verse" that constitutes poetry, "since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets;" and that "it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet, no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armor, should be an advocate and no soldier; but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by."* Puttenham rejects imitation altogether, and describes the poet as a creator or inventor. "A poet," he declares, "is as much to say as a maker;" and he adds, that as God, "without any travel to his divine imagination, made all the world of naught, nor also by any pattern or mould, as the Platonics with their ideas do fantastically suppose, even so the poet makes and contrives out of his own brain both the verse and matter of his poem, and not by any for-

eign copy or example."* Selden, notwithstanding his notes upon Drayton, and his regard for Browne and Ben Jonson, appears to have considered poetry as being altogether an absurd and irrational pursuit, and to have had a special contempt for its ordinary vehicle — verse.

"'T is a fine thing (he says) for children to learn to make verse, but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'T is ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 't is good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely [that is, teach it to go handsomely]; but 't is ridiculous for him to dance, when he should go."

He thought it particularly ridiculous for a lord to print verses. It was well enough, he thought for a man to twirl his hand-strings, or play with a rush to please himself, in his private chamber; but if he went into Fleet-street and sat upon a stall, twirling his hand-strings, or playing with a rush, all the little boys would laugh at him. "Verse" he adds, clenching the argument, "proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic."† Philips, evading the difficulties of a definition, ignores both imitation and invention, and refers the whole matter to inspiration. "Poetry," he says, "is a science, certainly of all others the most noble and exalted, and not unworthily termed divine, since the height of poetical rapture hath ever been accounted little less than divine inspiration."‡ Channing regards poetry as an aspiration after a higher state of existence. He says it "is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest or sublimest in human nature; we mean of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer or lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords."§ "Poetry," says Coleridge, "is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement or communication of truth; the proper and immediate object of poetry is

* Table Talk.

† The Arte of English Poesie.

‡ Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum.

§ Character and Writings of Milton.

* The Defence of Poetry.

the communication of immediate pleasure." * But as there are other works which also communicate immediate pleasure, and which cannot be called poems, he adds the distinguishing characteristic by which poetry is to be identified,—a pleasurable emotion, or peculiar excitement in the poet, which imparts to his production a more vivid reflection of the truths of nature and of the human heart, united with a constant activity, modifying and correcting these truths. Leigh Hunt enforces a similar theory. His definition is less lengthy, and may therefore be cited in full.

"Poetry is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains; and its ends, pleasure and exaltation. Poetry stands between nature and convention, keeping alive among us the enjoyment of the external and spiritual world: it has constituted the most enduring fame of nations; and next to Love and Beauty, which are its parents, is the greatest proof to man of the pleasure to be found in all things, and of the probable riches of infinitude." †

Whether the accomplished reader, with all these definitions before him, sees more clearly into the matter than he did before, must depend upon the special gifts of his understanding; but we apprehend that a person who had his attention directed to the subject for the first time by such a conflict of guides, would be terribly perplexed in his attempts to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Keeping clear, however, of scholastic refinements, every human being knows perfectly well what poetry is, by an instinct at once inscrutable and infallible; and to that instinct, let us distil our criticisms as we may, all poetry, and art, and fiction of every kind, must ultimately and finally appeal.

Does anybody want an æsthetic development of the art of telling a story? We sincerely wish he may get it. Does anybody want to be instructed upon the difference between a story that makes his pulses thrill, and a story that makes him yawn? Does anybody require a learned Theban at his side to prescribe the legitimate forms of story-telling, with which alone he is permitted to be

pleased under the sanctions of authority? If there be any such people, they constitute a special class in themselves, and should live apart in a particular world of their own. They have no right to trespass on the green fields of fiction, where people should take their pleasure at their ease, without stopping to ask questions as to whether they should be pleased or not.

That a story must be constructed upon a plan of some kind is plain without any help from the critics, who very often spoil more enjoyment than they promote, by setting up regulations where there is no need for them. It is obvious enough, for example, that a story should begin at the beginning, unless there is some peculiar reason for beginning at the end. In this respect it resembles a house, which is usually built up from the foundations, architects generally finding it inconvenient to build down from the roof. It should not be very long, because the essential attribute which distinguishes a story from other modes of fiction is its brevity. It should not aim at grand effects, because grand effects must inevitably become ridiculous on a small scale. It should have nothing superfluous, for the best of all possible reasons, that it cannot afford space for superfluities. It should not make a severe strain upon the mental faculties, because people are not supposed to take it up for study, but for recreation. It should not put forward any show of pedantry, or make excursions into far-off regions of knowledge, because such impediments to the flow of the narrative interrupt the pleasure of the reader, and have much the same sort of effect upon him as would be produced upon a voluptuary by finding every now and then a fragment of cork in his wine. These conditions are exacted involuntarily by all people who indulge in the luxury of reading stories; and any considerable deviation from them is quite certain to diminish the zest of the entertainment, although it is not given to everybody to penetrate the cause. The multitude have a keen relish for what is good in its kind; and it is dangerous to trust too much in their lack of critical discernment. If they cannot always tell you why they dislike a thing, their dislike is not the less stubborn on that account. Indeed, it generally happens that when people are most at a loss to assign reasons for their faith, they are most obstinate in its defence. The Dr. Fell argu-

* Lectures on Shakspeare.

† Imagination and Fancy.

ment is the last that yields to the assaults of logic.

It must not be supposed that in indicating these general conditions as being necessary to be observed in the structure of a story, we invest them with the attributes of absolute laws, from which there is no appeal. They should rather be considered as elementary principles, elastic in their application to all varieties of stories. A story is so pleasant a literary pastime, that it would be disagreeable to contemplate it under any kind of fetters or restrictions. But as even the most delectable pleasures must be regulated by some checks, and some forethought of the fitness of means to ends, or they will inevitably run to waste, — so a story, to produce its legitimate effect, must be carefully contrived with a due regard to unity of conception, proportion of parts, and suitableness of treatment and materials. We are charmed in a fine picture by the arrangement of light and color, the distribution of prominent objects, the management of the perspective, and, to speak technically, the composition of the whole. Such results are not to be attained without keeping constantly in view those difficult canons of art which make all great works appear easy and simple to the uninitiated. It is much the same with that very rare production — a good story. The art may be invisible; but it is there, nevertheless. We see only the lighted stage, with its columns, and gardens, and lakes; but the ropes, pulleys, and shaded lamps, and grooves and rollers, are all the time doing duty out of sight.

Of all countries in the world, England ought to be the country in which stories should enjoy the widest range of popularity. In no other country is time of so much value. It is the one article of use or consumption which an Englishman grudges the most to bestow upon his neighbor. He would rather give you his money than his time; because time is his funded capital, and money merely his loose income. To give you his time would be like selling out stock, and reducing his permanent resources; but he does not care about letting you have his spare cash, because he can part with it without inconvenience. The grand business of life in England is to economize time by all practicable, and some very curious, expedients; to compress the largest possible amount of work into the

smallest possible amount of seconds or hours. You see men hurrying through the streets, with an air of alarm on their faces, as if they were going on errands of life and death, when in fact their entire anxiety is to finish some, probably, very trivial affair, in order to get on with something else. The thoroughfares exhibit a dense population in a sort of agony of impatience. Work, care, precipitate haste, absorption of mind, are written in their eyes. Physicians, flying about to their patients, if they do not, like Sir Richard Blackmore, write epics "to the rumbling of their coach-wheels," may be seen taking advantage of the brief interval from house to house to keep up their professional reading, prepare lectures, post diaries, and write letters. Every minute has its billet. There is not an unoccupied head or hand — always excepting, of course, the drones and butterflies. There is no rest; and leisure, in its sunny sense, is a luxury unknown. Every other country has periods of repose and indulgence. Toil is elsewhere mitigated by relaxation. The sun never sets elsewhere upon a whole race of men who have been laboring without respite since the dawn. There are cymbals and trumpets and tambourines to gladden the ears, and a thousand *délassements* to fill and lull the imagination. But in England, where we have plays, and concerts, and state pageantries, and anniversary dinners in abundance, the feeling of enjoyment is ever overcast by the heavy shadows of business. We are never entirely released from our daily responsibilities, our perpetual cares. Even the lover, who seeks a brief elysium in those serene intervals from which all harsh troubles should be excluded, drags his chain after him. And if lovers are compelled to abbreviate their delights, who shall hope for ease in England?

This should be the country for stories which condense into a few pages the essence of volumes: which realize in fiction the great economical maxim, by packing the largest quantity into the smallest space; and which, as pabulum for minds in a great hurry, that must travel light, and cannot afford to carry much provision with them, may be compared to the pemmican supplied to Arctic voyagers, a single grain of which is equal to many pounds' weight of bread and meat. Yet, inconsistent as it may appear with our wants and habits, there is no country in which

stories are held in such low estimation. The French and Germans, who have plenty of leisure, and hardly ever seem to be doing anything but amusing themselves, possess a literature of fiction which consists almost exclusively of short stories. The English, on the contrary, who can scarcely be said to have any leisure at all, will have nothing to do with a story unless it is in three volumes. There are just enough, and barely enough, of exceptions to establish the rule. The *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Simple Story*, are never out of print; but these are balanced by *Tom Jones*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *The Life of a Lover*, *The Fool of Quality*, and half a hundred novels in five, six, and seven volumes. Fifty or sixty years ago, in the high days of the craft, five volumes might be taken as the common standard. We have sobered down since that time, and settled into three. But although the regulation number has been strictly adhered to, for the convenience, we presume, of the "trade," an irresistible tendency to exceed it has been frequently manifested. The *Harold* of Sir Bulwer Lytton, for example, is, by measurement, more than adequate to four ordinary volumes; and rather than break through the established limits, a double quantity of type is compressed into the third volume of Miss Martin's bulky romance of *St. Etienne*.

We might be justified in ascribing the institution of three-volumed novels to an arbitrary peculiarity in the national taste, if we did not know that it was sustained by another influence at least quite as powerful, and unquestionably more active in its operations. We allude to the real patrons of novels—the circulating libraries. To suppose that novels are supported solely by a maniacal infatuation on the part of their readers would be a grand mistake; they owe their very existence mainly to the caterers for the public entertainment, whose modesty alone prevents them from taking their legitimate place before the world as the Mæcenases of this department of literature.

The proprietor of the circulating library is a sagacious observer of human nature. He knows the foibles and weak points of his customers, and ministers to them carefully. He knows wherein the principle source of his profit lies, and keeps a vigilant eye upon it. He is at once a philosopher and a man

of business. The novelist himself is not a better judge of character—especially female character; and, in comparison with the circulating librarian, may be said to be absolutely ignorant of the occult power of his own vocation. He would often, if left to himself, obey the impulse of a tempting subject, and produce a short story, in preference to a long narrative; but the librarian won't let him. The librarian won't encourage short stories. The librarian won't have them at any price. He will have nothing to do with them "if he knows it;" and with good reason. A large part of his income, particularly in country towns and suburban localities, is derived from the practice of hiring out new works at so much a volume. Now it is clear that if new works of fiction were limited to single volumes, the traffic of the librarian would be cut short at one-third of its usual amount. Three volumes are indispensable to him. They are the "means whereby he lives." The question of quality does not enter into his calculations, which are based, not on the attractions of the work, of which he knows next to nothing and cares less, but upon the human infirmity common to novel readers in general, who having once begun must persevere. Curiosity is fate in women and the librarian is thoroughly aware of the fact. He has collected from his experience this significant truth, that, whether a novel be good or bad, wise or foolish, you, Lydia Languish, the honored representative of your sex in this interesting particular, having read one volume, will never be content till you have read the other two. He sees before him a vista of provocations which will incite you to the fulfilment of that desperate achievement. You must ascertain whether Angelica is married to Clutterbuck or Jenkins. You are not quite certain who it was wrote that cruel anonymous letter, and you must find it out. You wonder whether that saturnine gentleman who never spoke a civil word to Amanda, but huffed her, like a great bear, all throughout, is really in love with her. You have your suspicions on the subject, and could not endure to see her sacrificed to such a popinjay as Sir Beverly Buttonhole, who thinks of nobody but himself, and goes mincing about like a fool as he is. You would rather a thousand times she married the bear. Then, surely the wickedness of the intriguing stepmother, and her

confederate the lawyer, who, you are quite sure, has made away with the old gentleman's will, must be punished in the end. These are problems which it is necessary, for your peace of mind and high sense of justice, should be satisfactorily solved. Not that you think much of the work, which, to tell the truth you have a very indifferent opinion of, after all. You think that the author does n't know a bit about women; that the portrait of Margaret is preposterous; that there never was such a woman as Lady Brownbill; and you don't believe that any man would be so absurdly magnanimous as to propose for a proud beauty suddenly reduced to poverty, who had twice rejected him in her prosperity. You don't mean to say that there is not some cleverness in the book — of course there is, or you would n't read it; but the author is lamentably ignorant of women.

This is the foundation upon which the librarian builds. Yet, although he is one of the most practical of men, his foundation, which he has always regarded as a rock, will turn out one of these days to be nothing better than a quicksand which will eventually engulf him. There is a destined term for special manufactures and vested interests, as there is for fashions, acts of parliament, and hour-glasses. The dynasty of the circulating library novel will be assuredly overturned, at no very distant period, by the levellers of the railroad. The revolution which has been for some time going forward through the indefatigable agency of the newsvenders' stands, is rapidly undermining the old library system. The Flying Stationer is no longer a myth; he is a terrible literary republican; his horn is an engine whose blast is heard far and wide, and his heels are winged with steam. The House of Hapsburg is not in half so much danger from the Kossuths and Mazzinis as the house of the lending library from Smith and Son.

It is only fair, however, to give the other side of the question. The circulating librarian alleges that the public will not read short stories; that nothing short of a "regular" novel will satisfy them; and that when stories are collected into three volumes, with a single title, to make them look like a novel, — "Lights and Shadows," for example, or "Aspects of Life," or any other generic appellation that might include an indefinite

variety of species, — the said public consider themselves "taken in," and send back all such books with indignant remonstrances. We believe this is quite true. The English have an instinctive repugnance to kickshaws; they like solid pudding. A story is no better than a fritter. They must have roast beef. But there is probably action and reaction in this matter, and there may be some doubt as to the extent to which the circulating people have themselves encouraged this craving after heavy dishes. The cook, in a greater or lesser degree, guides the culinary taste of the age. The lender-out of books has the control of the intellectual banquet. He is not only the purveyor, but the critic and adviser. He is constantly consulted upon the merits of books, the popularity of their authors, and the current opinions of readers. He can recommend or suppress any book he pleases. He can take his revenge upon the luckless author of a single volume, by setting him aside altogether, and substituting the first three-volumed writer that comes to hand. Having, generally speaking, no more knowledge of the quality of his wares than a blind man has of colors, he is wholly independent of conscientious scruples. His standard of value is on the outside, and he can determine at a glance the relative worth of the miscellaneous literature ranged on his shelves. The inside of a work does not come within his line of business. The possibility of little books having great aims is a contingency entirely out of his province. He looks upon little books with contempt. There is nothing to be got out of them in the way of business.

These are important points for the consideration of readers who are too indolent to think for themselves. They should be careful how they take their cue about "new works" from the lenders of them. Apart even from this obvious interest in the voluminous merits of books, the librarian is influenced by other no less potent motives. There is a competition amongst publishers, and "trade allowances" vary. Lydia Languish cannot be expected to enter into the mystery of "trade allowances;" but she understands perfectly the theory of attractions, and can readily comprehend how one publisher may offer greater temptations to the country agent than another, by giving him a higher commission. The agent will of course promote

the circulation of the books upon which he makes the largest amount of profit in preference to all others; and as these are usually, and indeed almost inevitably, the very worst books of the season, simply because it is upon cheap copyrights alone a publisher can afford to undersell his rivals, so it happens that the "new works" upon which the highest panegyric is bestowed in the lending library, are, in nine cases out of ten, the least likely to reward the trouble of perusal. The moral is, that all young ladies and matrons who undertake to provide light reading for their families, should regard with suspicion the recommendations of the librarian.

Notwithstanding the indifference or aversion of the English to tales in their own language, they have always devoured with avidity the tales that have come to them from the Continent. For example, in Italian literature, the fables of Cinthio, and the tales of Boccaccio and Bandello; in German, the stories of the Brothers Grimm and La Motte Fouqué; and in French, the novelettes of Balzac, George Sand, and Paul de Kock, are well known to all readers familiar with the languages in which they are written. Possibly, in these cases short pieces may be preferred to long ones, because they are more easily mastered, and present the characteristics and traditions of other countries in the most accessible forms. But the same reasoning would in some degree apply to English stories, if they were constructed with the same skill, and possessed the same intrinsic claims to attention; and it leaves altogether unexplained the very striking fact, that the literature of fiction in all other countries consists almost exclusively of that class which we reject in our own. The novel, in our sense of its weight and dimensions, is nearly unknown in Europe. The instances in which it has been expanded beyond the limits of a single volume, generally of modest pretensions as to size, are rare and exceptional.

We suppose, then, we must come to the conclusion, not that the English are incapable of relishing really good stories, but that they cannot produce them. The defect may be in the climate, or in the habits or genius of the people. There are certain productions indigenous to particular soils, which will not grow elsewhere, and which degenerate under the process of transplantation. Fiction may be amenable, by some mysterious provision

of nature, like laws and political institutions, to the operation of local influences. According to Montesquieu, the bracing air of mountainous regions is favorable to the development of freedom; while the languid atmosphere of warm climates, by rendering the people lazy and apathetic, contributes to the establishment of despotism. The speculation is apparently extravagant, we admit; but we are, nevertheless, inclined to suspect that the reason why story-writing has never flourished in England may be traced to somewhat similar causes. At all events, the suggestion is worth a passing observation.

The earliest stories of which we have any knowledge came from the East. We see plainly enough that a great, busy, hard-working, heavily-taxed, commercial western community takes no delight in them; and that occupation, instead of encouraging their production, has exactly the contrary effect. The same result has followed in other places. Wherever industry has advanced, drawing the population out of their old quiet ways, the zest in this kind of literature has gradually diminished. The delicate nurture of former times ceases to satisfy the appetite, and a more robust diet and stronger stimulants become necessary. The profession of the *raconteur* requires a people comparatively idle, luxurious in the negation of mental and physical labor, not very highly educated in art or science, and therefore easily astonished by the wonders of "natural magic," credulous, superstitious, and imaginative. These conditions are incompatible with the steam-engine and the electric telegraph. It would be impossible to preserve such elements of simplicity, such a happy faith in the marvelous, or such motionless indulgence, amongst a people into whose ears the remotest corners of civilization are perpetually whispering along the wires that clasp the world.

If we desire to ascertain where story, and legend, and tradition are still cultivated in their primeval beauty and earnestness, we must revert to their source. It is only in the East the art really survives. There, where no printed sheet circulates the topics of the day, making the present bury the past, and destroying the enchantments of distance — where no railroad has invaded the silence of the city walls, the *raconteur* may yet be seen, even in the coffee-houses of Damascus, mounted on his stool reading the

news, or retailing some astonishing history of necromancy and adventure. It is there, in the solitary places, where the sleepy sun throws the human faculties into a swoon, that a story finds fit and solemn audience, and is listened to as if it were a voice of inspiration. It is there that a true belief is to be found in hanging gardens, such as we Europeans may imagine we have seen in our dreams, birds that can talk like prophets, singing fountains, and the genii of good and evil, of fire, water, earth, and air. It is there alone that the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are realized; not the Arabian Nights of Mr. Lane, but the Arabian Nights of our youth, which, true or false, have taken possession of our hearts and fancies for ever and ever.

The story-teller, such as we read of in old world chronicles, is extinct in Europe; except, perhaps, in some far-off nook of Brittany, where the footsteps of the Druids may yet be discerned in a thousand crumbling monuments. There, in lonely districts, distant from high roads, and centres of traffic, amongst gray cairns and smoky hovels, the story-teller, or newsmonger, with his wallet and his gossip, may be tracked from village to village, vending scandal, telling fortunes, conveying secret *billets-doux*, reciting narratives of wonderful adventure, or trolling ballads full of love and quaint proverbs. The role is generally filled by a wandering tailor, a character *sui generis*, whose functions are as distinctly recognized as those of the *prefet* or the priest. The mendicant of Brittany, a sort of ambulatory bard, who makes the round of the farms with punctuality throughout the year, alone divides with him the glory of supplying the people with legends. But there is a marked difference between them. The recitations of the mendicant are as melancholy and sorrowful as his life. He is the depositary of the old ecclesiastical legends, the solemn superstitions and funeral moralities, which act upon the imagination through the agency of ghostly terror and religious awe. The tailor is a man of another complexion. He is rarely married, and leads a nomad existence from one year's end to another, ostensibly seeking employment for his needle and scissors, but really carrying on a brisk business in contraband marriages and domestic intrigues. He has an inex-

haustible fund of humor; is looked upon with contempt by the men, on account of his occupation, but is a prodigious favorite with the ladies, in whose service he is always ready with wicked expedients to mystify a lover or trick a husband. He knows all the new songs, and sometimes makes them himself, and is an encyclopædia of traditional lore, which he relates with infinite *gusto*. He is the sole proprietor of the scandalous chronicle of the canton; he dramatizes it, arranges it, and circulates it from fireside to fireside — an oral *Gazette Des Tribunaux*. M. Souvestre, in his very curious account of the habits and manners of the Bretons, gives us the following sketch of the tailor engaged in one of his most important diplomatic missions:

“On conçoit facilement, d'après ce que nous venons de dire, combien le tailleur kernewote doit être propre à conduire une affaire amoureuse; aussi est-il l'entremetteur officiel de toutes les alliances et le dispensateur des maris, ce qui ne contribue pas peu à la haute considération dont il jouit près des jeunes filles. Dès qu'il a été chargé par un homme de *porter la parole à une pennere* de la paroisse, il se rend à la ferme qu'elle habite, et tâche de la voir sans témoins. Si par hasard, sur le chemin, il aperçoit une pie, il se hâte de rentrer, car c'est un présage de trouble pour le mariage qui se ferait ce jour-là. Il attend alors au lendemain. La rencontre paraît fortuite de sa part. Il commence à causer avec la jeune personne de la sécheresse, de la quantité de lait que lui donnent ses vaches, du prochain pardon de Scaër et des amoureux qu'elle y fera; puis, par une transition adroite, il arrive à parler du prétendant. Il vante son talent pour conduire less bœufs, rappelle la force qu'il a déployée à la dernière lutte des Bannières, lors de la procession de Sainte Laurent; il mêle adroitement à ces éloges quelques allusions indirectes à l'argent que le jeune homme peut tenir en réserve, et aux bonnes chemises de toile écrue qu'il doit avoir dans son coffre de chêne. Il ajoute tout ce qui peut tenter une fille à marier: combien il a bon air le dimanche avec son habit violet, combien il sait de belles complaintes de la côte et de joyeuses chansons des montagnes. La jeune fille écoute tout cela comme Eve écoutait les douces paroles du serpent; elle roule avec embarras les lacets de son tablier, ou bien écorche avec distraction la bague de sureau qui lui sert à conduire ses vaches aux champs. Le tentateur entoure son cœur de mille séductions, de mille charmantes images.

et enfin, quand il la voit émue et prête à céder, il lui arrache le consentement désiré. "Parlez à mon père et à ma mère," dit la rustique Galathée, en fuyant toute rouge et toute troublée."

It is amongst a people like these, very simple and susceptible, or a people in the opposite extreme, highly emotional and living in a fever of excitements, that the art of story-telling is most successfully developed. The stories of each are as contrasted as the modes of existence out of which they spring; but they agree in one essential characteristic — fidelity to that surrounding life which it is their especial purpose to depict.

Our English social system is wanting in those marked features necessary to impart color and vitality to what may be called the cabinet novel, which are so abundantly supplied by the dreamy solitudes of Brittany and the glittering *salons* of Paris. Distinctive attributes are swept away by the active pursuits which bring all classes together, more or less, upon the common ground of struggle and toil; while the passions which elsewhere furnish the *raconteur* with ready-made romances are kept in check by the restraints of our national manners and our moral code.

A great history can be produced only out of great materials. There must be people to act heroism, or there can be no heroic poems. Now, it must be confessed that the life of England does not make very striking or dramatic stories. It is too level and monotonous, too staid and circumspect; there is too much reserve in it, and too little enthusiasm; it presents few salient aspects; and it exhibits a constant tendency to circumscribe its action within formal limits, and reduce it as nearly as possible to the dreary regularity of a piece of mechanism. To these circumstances mainly, perhaps, we may refer the poverty of our minor fictions, and the manifest lack of vivifying power in their authors. People who live in a region of twilight cannot be expected to paint as bright pictures as people who live out in the sun. Our canons of criticism insensibly adapt themselves to this state of things. They insist upon method and uniformity; sanction no truth but universal truth; and prohibit all excursions from the straight track into the erratic deviations of real life.

The slow novel suits us better than the rapid tale. It is more like our actual daily

experience. There is more room in it to edjust the scale of proprieties, and balance accounts between nature and convention. Its imposing weight gives importance to the shallow and trivial, and its elaborate dullness is a sort of homage to respectability. If the domestic virtues were never made to appear so insipid, they were never treated with so much deference. The flatness of the characters is an evidence of the success of our repressive system: and the routine of the incidents, seldom disturbed by any daring innovations, is a daguerrotype taken from the surface of our society.

It would be irrational, however, to throw the whole responsibility of our failure as story-writers upon the dense manners of the country. A portion of the responsibility undoubtedly lies at the door of the writers themselves. There is no soil so utterly barren as not to yield some herbage. It may be scanty, or it may be bitter, or it may grow only in isolated patches; but even a bed of sand, in the course of time, will throw up some blades of wild grass. Wherever men are congregated together, there are human passions, hopes, desires. The inner life is much the same everywhere. It is the external life, modified by social, moral, and physical circumstances, that presents the most material differences. The story in which the former is taken as the basis of the interest, and the latter as the vehicle, must make itself felt if it be true to its design. English story-tellers have seldom grasped both. Very rarely have they thought it necessary to give any serious consideration to subject or execution. A plot and a locality seem to suffice for all purposes. But there are other elements quite as essential.

Nothing can be more slender than the plots of the most popular French stories. Stripped of their finesse, their delicate strokes of character, and the intimate knowledge they disclose of society, alike in its depths and shallows, they become reduced to a mere speck of action. Yet their fascination, whatever you may think of the means by which it is produced, is irresistible. The secret lies in the creative power of the author; not merely the power of creating "situations," in which he excels, and which is by no means his highest quality, but the power of creating human interest out of the slightest materials. An English author might, perhaps, although

we have doubts about it, invent as ingenious a frame-work ; but when he came to fill it in, he would inevitably fail. His failure is in the treatment, even more than in the design. He does not know how to take advantage of his "situations" when he has got them. It is here that the French writer displays the perfection and achieves the triumph of his art. By a few subtle touches, like sudden flashes of light that illuminate for an instant the recesses of the scene, he reveals to you the secret emotions of the actors, lifts the veil from their hearts and drops it again ; puts you, as it were, in direct electric communication with their very thoughts, and, without interrupting the progress of the passing movement, which never flags, he lets you see the whole machinery of hidden motives, designs, speculations, and cross-purposes in full play. Every figure in the piece has a separate existence and a distinct individuality ; and the reality is heightened and impressed upon the imagination by the fact, that none of the actors ever come upon the stage without having something indispensable to do. You never find a walking character introduced for the sake of typifying a particular class, or an eccentric hanging loose upon the story. The texture is so close, that there is not a single superfluous thread in it. The characters are not portraits, painted on flat surfaces ; they are flesh and blood, always occupied in the business that concerns them, and appearing on the scene only because they have an immediate necessity to be there. They become real under the hands of the author, because he never stops to analyze or describe, but keeps the actors in incessant motion, and makes them the exponents of their own characters. The dialogue is terse and always to the purpose, striking the points of collision with rapidity, and suggesting, but never exhausting, every possible aspect of the argument, circumstance, or situation. There are no cumbrous details anywhere ; all is lively, easy, quick, and brilliant.

Take *La Tête-à-tête* of M. Scribe as an example of the wonderful power of working up an exciting interest from a trivial incident. It scarcely comes within the ordinary definition of a story, not being written in the narrative form ; but there are only two speakers, the whole action takes place in a post-chaise, and by simply inserting the names of the interlocutors in the dialogue, instead of print-

ing them before the speeches, it becomes a narrative at once, which it much more nearly resembles in substance than a drama. A Parisian "man about town," of a certain age, who breakfasts every morning at eleven at Tortoni's, and passes the day and evening *en suite*, persuades a very young lady, with whom he has become acquainted at a *pension*, to elope with him. Early in the morning, long before his regular breakfast hour, they start from Paris in a post-chaise. At first the young lady is delighted with the novelty of her situation, and, being highly sentimental, she invests her lover, of whom she really knows hardly anything, with all the attributes of a hero of romance. Presently the enthusiastic lover begins to turn the conversation from the ardent topics and family history upon which his mistress is running on, to the subject of breakfast. He is not accustomed to rise so early, and is getting hungry. This is the first cold plunge — the first shock to her sensibility. That he should be capable of thinking of breakfast at such a moment, suggests a painful doubt to her mind. As the day advances, other traits are developed in conversation which awaken still more alarming suspicions. It becomes clearer and clearer to her that she has fallen in love with her own ideal, and that the gentleman at her side, whom, by this time, she has compelled to keep off in the opposite corner of the post-chaise, is a fat, odious man of confirmed habits, utterly incapable of the sacrifices and absorbing devotion for which she yearns. The illusion is at last completely dispelled ; and when she has arrived at the end of the journey, she detests and despises the man with whom she had eloped in the morning, and contrives to effect her escape from him. The actual amount of story here bears an almost imperceptible proportion to the amount of interest extracted from it. The whole charm consists in the skill with which the conversation is carried on, disclosing at every turn all those contrasts of character upon which the action depends, and making us as intimate with the natures of the two persons who are thus shut up in a post-chaise all day, beginning with love and ending with aversion, as if we had been in close intercourse with them all our lives.

The peculiar constitution of French society, and the idiom of the language itself, are, no doubt, favorable circumstances which should

not be overlooked in the comparative estimate of the merits of French and English writers. A thousand sources of interest are open to the former, which are either altogether closed upon the latter, or, from the character of our institutions, unavailable to him. An elopement such as M. Scribe gives us in *La Tete-a-Tete* could hardly occur in England, and the most consummate art could not redeem its circumstantial details and its *denouement* from the charge of absurdity. In France, the incident and the entire conduct of the actors are perfectly accordant with every-day probability. Nor do we English detect any unlikelihood in scenes of this kind when they come to us through the medium of the French. The same observation will apply to the dialogue. It is perfectly true and natural in French; admirable, in fact—full of life, spirit, wit, and knowledge of the world. Turned into English, it becomes, not only false, but flat, vapid, and trivial.

But may we not gather from this untranslatable language, and these extravagant incidents, or rather these French incidents which appear extravagant in an English dress, some useful hints for our own guidance? The French writer, whatever may be his sin in other respects, is true to his own world. He draws direct from living originals. He does not transmit from generation to generation the same tedious stock features, as if time had wrought no changes in the circumstances of mankind, and society had been standing still to save him the trouble of invention and observation. He does not imitate former writers, or reflect in his pages the frigid conventionalities of a past age. He collects his materials from the life by which he is immediately surrounded, and trusts for the re-

sult to the freshness and fidelity of his impressions, and the *abandon* with which he gives way to his impulses. He does not dream of adapting his representations of life to any preconceived theory of manners or morals. It never enters into his contemplation to reconcile his personages to a standard of universal humanity, or to sink individual realities in general truths. He is not writing a sermon or a treatise, and he leaves abstractions and generalizations to those whom they concern. Well or ill, good or evil, he delineates what he sees as he knows it to exist, and his whole care is to render it true, striking, and effective.

If there is much to be rejected in the French models, there is much to be learned from them. They at least set us an excellent example in looking for subjects close at hand, and in treating them with vivacity. An English story that should be as true in its pictures of life, and as rapid and vivid in its treatment, would be as good in its kind as a French story. But we must get rid of our old lazy way of setting about these matters before we can achieve such a consummation. We must shuffle off the traditional descriptions, the oppressive reflections, the sleepy dialogue, the bits of scenery which have nothing to do with the action, and all other extraneous fineries which are inserted only to show off the literary accomplishments of the author; and we must go straight to the vital interest, and keep to it to the end. But the subject is a large one, and if we were to yield to its temptations, would carry us much farther than we originally intended. The few points we have hastily indicated are enough for the present.

WHY MIDDLE-CLASS ENGLAND MAY LOVE MONEY.—The reasons are so many and so obvious, why the middle classes in England should desire monied influence, apart from mere miserly considerations, that there is scarcely an excuse for the charge of sordidness so frequently hurled at their heads. The smallest and thinnest honor legally recognized usually waits upon a monied qualification; and when you approach the better-fed and robust dignities, there is always something stronger than a begging-box at the door. And yet it was not by a party of commercial usurers that the property qualification of Members of Parliament was fixed. But the golden chain which bars the House of Com-

mons is light compared with that which guards the integrity of the Peers. And if to be a peer be an honorable thing—if to be elevated to aristocratic position, the position of the best men, be desirable—and if this can be done by money principally—who can consistently declaim against the pursuit of money for that purpose? It may be said peers are not often created on account of their wealth, but they are never created unless they are wealthy; and only recently a great lawyer has been snubbed by their Lordships because his comparative poverty made him look apprehensively upon hereditary honors and desire their exceptional disuse.—*Manchester Papers.*

From Household Words.

BILLETED IN BOULOGNE.

ONE clear brisk autumn day, Nurse, petty tyrant of my host's little establishment at Boulogne, entered the dining-room, exclaiming:

"There are no less than four dirty French soldiers, sir, in the court below. They say they have billets on this house."

"This is serious," our host cried. "I must go and see what I can do with them."

We followed, and there certainly stood four travel-stained invaders, soldiers of the line, with slaty bluish-gray overcoats and loose red trousers thrust into their white gaiters, with hairy knapsacks and guns. They seemed to be very tired, poor fellows, and, notwithstanding their moustaches and peaked beards, by no means formidable. The youngest, bearing a corporal's stripes, was already in conversation with our host. His voice was soft, his accent refined, and the bow with which he concluded his reply would not have disgraced St. James' or any other lawful region of Ko-too.

"Well," said the master of the house, "I will take a few minutes to think of it—either to receive you, or pay for your quarters at an estaminet. Meanwhile come in. Madeleine, some wine and refreshments for Messieurs les militaires!"

The offer was accepted with many courteously expressed acknowledgments, and to the infinite delight of little Harry, the youngest of the juveniles, and to the infinite disgust of Nurse, the four soldiers were introduced into the kitchen.

"But," I said to my friend, "you do not mean to hesitate about sending these men to an inn? They surely would be a great nuisance in the house."

"I am not so sure of that; and I am quite sure it would cost me less to supply them here than to pay for their living elsewhere. They are very well conducted fellows, the French soldiers."

Chorus of juveniles: "O! yes, papa! do keep them here."

"Well, sir, I suppose you know best," said Nurse; "but I do say I never heard the like of it in all my days. Four dirty soldiers walking in and sitting down in any gentleman's house, as if the place was their own! And where am I to put them, sir? There is but one spare room."

"O, don't trouble yourself about that! They will not require separate apartments. Get them some mattresses and blankets in the loft, or some straw," her master replied, laughing. "But wait a moment, I must speak to them again."

In short, despite Nurse's objections, the

men were settled in their quarters, expressed themselves charmed with the cockloft, delighted with the wine, and penetrated with the hospitality of Monsieur.

I must confess that I was much disposed to share Nurse's objections, and inquired, with some anxiety, how long the visitation was to last.

"That is hard to tell," our hostess said, "four or five days, or perhaps a week,—until the regiment they come to replace in the camp here has moved off."

The rest of the day was tranquil. We sometimes encountered Nurse looking severe and much enduring. The subdued accent in which the children all addressed her, showed that when she was in that frame she gave others something to endure. The other members of the household were, however, by no means depressed. Indeed, we never heard merrier laughter from the kitchen.

The men were absent for a couple of hours towards evening, and retired to the loft early. We heard nothing of them.

This tranquillity, however, was not to continue; for we were aroused at some small hour in the morning by the bugle-call; then by the tramp of heavy shoes which came down-stairs with men in them, then by the sound of bolts and bars withdrawn, and then again all silent.

When we were going to our own breakfast, our military guests—returned long since from muster or parade—had finished theirs, and were busy cleaning their arms and accoutrements in the court-yard. The young corporal was seated by the fountain, apparently drawing pictures for little Harry's amusement, as that young gentleman fondled against his knee, in evident delight.

"You have great skill," I said to the draughtsman, who had just finished a clever sketch of one of his comrades who stood opposite, tracing him with chalk, on paper filched by Master Harry from his sister's drawing-book.

"Sir, I have had practice, and it is an art I love," the young soldier replied, rising to salute me. "It is very useful to a soldier."

"A man of your acquirements ought not to be in the ranks."

An expressive shrug. "The corporal's stripes will not tarnish my epaulette whenever I get one," he said, smiling and slightly coloring. "And now, my young gentleman, stand still while I draw your picture."

I looked at the draughtsman more attentively. He was tall, slight, and, in spite of the coarse, dull uniform, graceful. He had large full dark eyes, softer than the French eyes usually are; a clear brown complexion, through which the full color of youth showed readily on any slight emotion. He had also

a delicate mouth, which his short, dark moustache was not yet large enough to hide. All indicated higher race than was suggested by the hard features and ruder gestures of his comrades. The hand, too, that used the pencil, though somewhat embrowned, was fine in form and texture, and upon the little finger was a signet-ring.

I was summoned from this little colloquy to breakfast, and, when I returned, the corporal was nowhere to be seen. One soldier was sweeping the court, another had just come in with two heavily-filled pails of water from the public fountain (Madeleine's usual task), while the third was putting up a swing for the children in the coach-house.

Nurse observed these things with a doubtful air. Her suspicions were inclined to doze; but obstinacy kept them wakeful. The men evidently were treating her with a profound respect, as if aware that they had not found favor in her eyes.

"They are not so bad after all, Nurse," said her mistress, who was looking on complacently at the delight of her children with their new playfellows.

"There's no denying, ma'am they have behaved respectably so far. All I say is, I hope it may last, I hope it may last." And, with an ominous shake of the head, Nurse disappeared.

"Hélas!" exclaimed the soldier, who had just set down the pails, "Madame is not content. How have we had the misfortune to displease her?"

Evening had set in, and we were assembled in the drawing-room, when Nurse entered with a tragic though triumphant air.

"I beg to say, sir, that if you don't put a stop to the goings-on in the kitchen at this moment, I'll—" (a tremendous pause) "I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Why what is the matter Nurse?"

"There's one of those soldiers, ma'am, playing the fiddle, and another they call Pierre, had the audacity to put his arm about my waist. And they have been and pushed the kitchen-table on one side, and put the chairs all in a heap, to polka, Louise says. But they shall not insult a respectable woman of my time of life, sir, I can tell them! I've had no good of those girls ever since they came into the house, sir!"

We all jumped up and hurried to the kitchen. There was a tolerable space cleared for action, by the piling up of chairs and tables on one side. In a corner stood the violinist, his face puckered into an expression of complete enjoyment, while the offending Pierre, and his companion, were whirling the two French servant girls round in a rapid waltz, and the English children's maid was looking on, with somewhat of an envious

glance. A happier party, I have seldom seen. Far from being dismayed by our appearance, the dancers merely paused to welcome us, evidently expecting we would join in the amusement.

"The corporal would be here immediately, and then Mademoiselle (the nurse-maid), would have a partner, also."

"But," said the host to Madeleine, "what is this that I hear Nurse complain of? She says Pierre insulted her."

"O, sir, quite different. He speaks no English, and he wished to pay Madame the compliment of asking her to begin the waltz."

In vain this was explained to Nurse. "No! she was not to be palavered in that way." So her master, out of patience with her, told her she was a ridiculous old woman.

The dancing went on with great spirit, for the musician, Albert Caillet, was a proficient. The children were allowed to join, and all went merrily. At last Harry crept up to me slipping his hand into mine.

"The poor little corporal," he said.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is writing in the cold loft on a trunk, with such a little candle. It is to his mother. Do ask papa to let me take him down into the school-room, which is nice and warm."

"Certainly you may," said papa, and Harry vanished.

When I thought the corporal had had time to complete his letters I strolled into the school-room, still bent on gratifying my curiosity. He was still bent over the paper. I could not help noticing the contour of his head, which in spite of the disfiguring military crop, was clearly that of a gentleman.

He looked up as I entered. "Pardon me," I said, "for interrupting you —"

"Not interrupting. I have finished. I have to thank you for your courtesy in suffering me to write here. It is what you call comfortable."

"Nay, I am but a guest here like yourself. But you write while your comrades are dancing, and a partner waits for you."

"Ah! the pretty little lady's maid," said he, folding his letter. "I had nearly forgotten her. A piece of unpardonable neglect."

There was such an indistinguishable air of superiority in his tone and manner, that I involuntarily exclaimed:

"Surely you must be of a far different class to your companions!"

"Ah! yes," he replied, with a smile and a sigh. "I am the first of the Fontares, who ever came into the army in so humble a grade. Nevertheless there is no use in lamenting. I was drawn in the conscription."

My mother had not the means of purchasing a substitute, my sister wept, I whispered to myself 'Courage!' and here I am."

"But what a terrible thing it must be for an educated gentleman to be obliged to associate with common soldiers."

"Nay, my comrades are good fellows, a little off-hand it is true, but under the gentleman there is a man, which finds its like in other men. I am already a corporal, my education and my conduct shall soon give me another step. An epaulette is not far off, and should this war continue, we shall be sent to the Crimea in our turn, and then, and then—" he continued gazing on vacancy, and with his hand grasping the air; "a marshal's bâton is not wholly out of reach, nor is the repose of a soldier's honored grave, contemptible. Then, sir, our colonel and two of our captains are great friends of mine, but I do not like to part myself too much from my own proper comrades. No, I am far from regretting the conscription. A French soldier, if he has education, may aim at and hope for, anything."

"Well, well, your spirit is admirable; but, while here, it must be unpleasant for you to be placed with the common soldiers. I will mention your name and position to my friends, and your stay shall be more agreeable."

"A thousand thanks, but I could not consent to accept higher consideration than may be accorded to my comrades. It would never do. They would be grieved and offended, and I should be but a poor wretch to elude my position. No, no, let us be as we are, saving that I have another pleasant reminiscence in your kind consideration. I must now go and make my peace with the pretty lady's maid; a dance with her will not unfit me to open a ball at the Tuilleries with a princess—when I am a marshal."

Our military guests remained with us four days, during which time Nurse's fever constantly abated. She remained, however, almost to the last, on the alert, to detect any undue amount of flirtation between the damsels under her command and the youths of the camp; making sudden, unexpected inroads on the kitchen, after having been at some pains to impress its occupants with the idea that she was about to pass the next few hours in her own apartment making up her accounts, or darning stockings. Finally, however, the good humor, obliging industry, and politeness of the soldiers, altogether cured her, and Pierre completed her recovery by his ingenious mending of her work-box.

They were always ready to carry the water-pails for the pretty Madeleine, to sweep the court or to do any kind of things for help or for the pleasure of the children. One of

them with the fine name of Alphonse—an active, snub-nosed, red-moustached, dirty-faced little fellow, whom the Guards would have repudiated, turned out to be a famous cook, and taught Susette how to compose many delicious messes.

We were all positively grieved to part with our invaders, and especially missed, of an evening, Albert and his violin. The house seemed to be deserted; little Harry wept, and even Nurse admitted that "they were not so bad after all."

On their part the men expressed themselves infinitely delighted with the treatment they had received.

"Good bye, madame, messieurs, and mademoiselles," exclaimed the corporal. "It is well for France, that her soldiers do not often find such charming quarters. They would soon be unfitted for the roughness of their service."

"Good bye," chorussed the others in a sort of trio wherein gratitude, pleasure, English hospitality, were frequently recurring words. And with many an invitation to come and see the Camp, the four men shouldered their rifles, and trudged down the street, the corporal turning at the corner, for the last time, to raise his cap.

We were beginning to lose our more vivid recollection of the billet, when, one day, returning from a long walk in the country, we noticed a soldier bending under some heavy ungainly burden, which he carried with a little difficulty.

He paused at the porte-cochère of our friend's house; and, when we came up to him, lo! it was our friend Alphonse: nothing the cleaner, we must admit, for his sojourn at the Camp.

He was overjoyed at seeing us again, and with a great many salutations, produced a small note from the corporal. I shall not attempt to translate its elegantly turned phrases of compliment. Its purport was to request madame's (our host's wife,) acceptance of a flower-stand, the joint work of himself and his companions. It was most ingeniously and gracefully constructed of unbarked wood and pine cones, with a quaint border of twisted and plaited roots. It was about three feet high, and filled with moss, into which flower-pots might be imbedded.

It was quite the pride of the lobby, and the whole young family collected round Alphonse while he partook of some refreshment, with loud shouts of admiration.

We were, to use their own expression, "penetrated," with the trouble these poor fellows had taken. Their kindly spirit touched us and the entente cordiale was perfect between us and them.

From the New Monthly Magazine.
LIFE IN BRAZIL.*

FREE travel and free trade are not yet. To a thorough-bred Yankee, it appears like a remnant of the barbarism that in the Old World prevents man from traversing the earth and communing with his species at his pleasure, that he should have, ere he can visit Brazil, to pay for a passport, or, as he would designate it, an invoice or pen-and-ink sketch of himself. All is not, however, evil that seems so, and the detention consequent upon passport and custom-house regulations enable Mr. Ewbank to take a first and comprehensive glance at the Bay of Rio, a basin over a hundred miles in circumference, scooped in granite, and walled in by mountains, whose sides and crests are clothed in perpetual verdure—a bay of islands, being studded with seventy, large and little, of which some might well have been taken for “Islands of the Blessed”—those happy abodes of departed virtuous spirits, formerly located on the borders of the Western World.

In the outline of this magnificent bay, between the city and the sea, are many prominent landmarks. There is the Sugar-loaf, a bare mass of granite, nearly 1300 feet high; the fort of Santa Cruz; and opposite, the battery of San Joao; a mountain island, shaped like a haystack, with a small church on its summit; the white houses of Boto Fogo skirting the beach; a church on a hill, dedicated to “Our Lady of Glory,” and a glorious site for a dwelling they have given her; the town of Praya Grande, between which and Rio little steamers are perpetually plying; and lastly, Rio itself, old and new town—a swarm of houses, crowding and turning through a narrow passage between two hills, like troops rushing through a defile and treading on one another’s heels.

On landing, the traveller first meets with suburban villas, with white, red, blue, yellow, green, and gilded screens and trellis-work, vying in colors with the flowers; while the walks, bordered with shells, are also crowded with painted statues and statuettes. Beyond these again are low houses, faced with colored stucco, and roofed with the old red tile; not a panelled front-door, knocker, or bell-pull,

and many windows without glass. If he wants to move about, he finds livery-stables to be at Rio what their name imports. The proprietors furnish plain or showy equipages, with servants in various styles of livery.

The “Rio Almanack” is an indispensable handbook for strangers, for almost every day is a saint’s day. The first anniversaries our traveller stumbled upon were those of St. Bruz, celebrated for removing tracheal complaints, and St. Apollonia. “No pains are more excruciating than those she removes; *Advogada contra a tosse*—she cures tooth-ache;” and jaw-bones of wax are in consequence offered to her. Rio is the very head and heart of Romanist superstitions and corruption.

“Walking out in the evening,” Mr. Ewbank puts on record, “with a friend, we met a bare-headed priest in a carro, accompanied by three half-naked negroes. One, with a large candle, went by each wheel, and the third trotted in advance, ringing a bell. This, I was told, was ‘the host,’ which the priest was going to administer to some sick or dying person. ‘But where is the wafer?’ I asked. ‘In that little crimson bag, suspended from the padre’s neck.’”

On another “miscellaneous ramble” our traveller fell in with the matadoura, or public slaughter-house, which presented a fearful scene, half-naked men goading some twenty or thirty oxen, with spiked poles, to their doom. Forty-five thousand cattle are slaughtered in the year. No sooner arrived almost, than our author was summoned to attend the obsequies of the Condessa d’J—. The letter was bordered with symbols of death, and in the centre a shrouded urn, under which appeared the Lusitanian version of Horace’s universal adage:

“Entra com passo igual pelas ufanas
Casas dos reis, e miser as choupanas.”

The funeral procession consisted of a long string of chaises, followed by twenty horsemen carrying lighted candles; and elegant coach-and-four came next, guided by a charioteer in light livery, and in it the coffin, whose ends projected through the doors. Carriages of every style followed, some with outriders and lacqueys behind; last of all, a coach-and-four, with attendants in white and scarlet costumes, the driver and footmen sweating under enormous triangular hats

* Life in Brazil; or, the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix, containing Illustrations of Ancient South American Arts in recently discovered Implements and Productions of Domestic Industry, and Works in Stone, Pottery, Gold, Silver, Bronze, &c. By Thomas Ewbank.

with red feathers. Except the coffin and candles, there was nothing, Mr. Ewbank says, to indicate a funeral.

When a person dies in Rio the front entrance of the house is closed—the only occasion when such a thing happens. The law requires the body to be buried in twenty-four hours. If the deceased was married, a festoon of black cloth and gold is hung over the street-door; for unmarried, lilac and black; for children, white, or blue, or gold. Coffins for the married are also black, but for young persons they are red, scarlet, or blue. Few persons are actually buried in the shallow coffins of the country, their principal use being to convey the corps to the cemetery; and then, like the hearse, they are returned to the undertaker. Fond of dress while living, the Brazilians are buried in their best, and punctilious to the last degree, they enforce etiquette after death. Children under ten or eleven are set out as friars, nuns, saints, and angels. A boy as St. John has a pen in one hand and a book in the other. As St. Joseph, the pen is replaced by a staff crowned with flowers. Of higher types, Michael the Archangel is a fashionable one. Girls are made to represent Madonnas and other popular characters. Formerly it was the custom in Rio, and still is so in the interior, to carry young corpses upright in procession through the streets, when, but for the closed eyes, a stranger could hardly believe the figure before him, with painted cheeks, hair blowing in the wind, in silk stockings and shoes, and his raiment sparkling with jewels, grasping a palm-branch in one hand, and resting the other quite naturally on some artificial support, could be a dead child. Large sums are occasionally expended in dresses and jewels for the dead. Mourning is a long affair, and widows never lay aside their weeds unless they marry; yet clusters of a small purple flower are known as “widows’ tears.” They bloom but once a year, and soon dry up.

“A lady,” Mr. Ewbank relates, “living near us, recently became a widow, and, at the instigation of a fresh applicant for her hand, induced her only child, a lad of eighteen, to enter a monastery, under the pretence that she had in his infancy dedicated him in that way to God, and that he would be the means of delivering his father’s soul out of purgatory. He consented, and she and her

legal paramour now riot on his father’s wealth and his own. But widowers are not much better. Mention was made of a neighbor who lost his wife, and cried himself almost to death in four days. His friends alarmed, got him to a ball, where he met a lady and married her in two months.”

In merchants’ city establishments, and many others, not a female, black or white, is employed. They and their clerks do all the honors of morning, noon, and evening meals, while in private dwellings it is customary with gentlemen visitors to relieve ladies of the teapot. Repasts wind up with passing round the *paliteiro*—a fancy piece of silver holding tooth-picks of orange-wood.

Mr. Ewbank’s sympathies are with “a people free from the evils of hereditary rulers, primogeniture, tithes, and a state priesthood;” but he is not an upholder of slavery. He rather admired than otherwise schools where whites, blacks, mulattoes, and Indians were as thoroughly mingled on their seats as the ingredients of mottled granite. Free negroes taking their seat in public conveyances took him a little aback, but “the constitution,” he remarks, “recognizes no distinction based on color;” and he did not like seeing slaves going past his window for water, wearing iron collars with upright prongs under their ears to keep them to their work, and put it out of their power of being aught but two-legged machines.

Ladies neither go out walking nor shopping in Rio. Formerly their seclusion was indeed almost Moorish. When visiting, they are generally conveyed in a *cadeirinha*, or sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of slaves. The “cries” of London are said to be *bagatelles* to those of the Brazilian capital. Slaves of both sexes cry wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruit, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, *doces* confectionary, bacon, hardware, crockery, drapery, haberdashery, shoes, bonnets, even books are hawked in the streets. Proprietors accompany silver-ware, silks, and bread, for blacks are not allowed to touch the latter. The signal of dry-good venders is made by snapping the two ends of a yard-stick. Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous and are reputed to be the smartest of *marchandes*. These street-vendors are called in by a sound something between “a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away

fowls. Among other things sold in the streets are *lagartos* a large lizard, considered a table delicacy, and Mr. Ewbank says much preferable to any flying game! The almost uniform dress of itinerant salesmen is a brown shirt and trousers, ending at the knees and elbows. A dealer in fancy wares had also pictures of saints—coarse woodcuts in penny frames. Taking up Dominic, Mr. Ewbank asked the price. The sable merchant shook his head. "It had been blessed; it could not be sold; only exchanged; it cost two patacas." It is in this way that value is put upon holy things. You are told they cost so much, and will be exchanged for an equal sum. During the festival of the Intrudo, which resembles the Hindhu Kohlee, starch is cast over people's heads and shoulders, shells of colored wax filled with water are thrown at one another, and in the streets the unfortunate wayfarer is greeted with the contents of huge tin syringes, called *funileros*. All sorts of foolish, practical jokes are also put in force; persons are sent on fools' errands, bedclothes and habiliments are sown up; the materials of a dinner or a dozen of wine are even sent for and the victims invited to partake of the fare. "Intrudo lies are no sin," is a proverb with the Brazilian ladies, who indulge in the sports of the festival with all the glee and zeal of children.

The negroes are as musical in Brazil as they are in the United States. Their chief instrument is the marimba—a calabash with thin steel rods fixed inside on a board; but every nation has his own, so that a Congo, Angola, Minas, Ashantee, or Mozambique instrument is recognizable. "The city," Mr. Ewbank says "is an Ethiopian theatre, and this the favorite instrument of the orchestra." Mr. Ewbank admired some of the sable *lavadouras*, or washing-girls. They are very slightly draped; and figures, he says, graceful as any seen at the wells of the East, occur among them. Dogs are destroyed in the streets with little balls made of flour fat, and nux vomica. Mr. Ewbank passed in one day five of these sacrifices made to Sirius.

Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. Few contrivances on wheels being in use, they mostly drag their loads, sometimes on a plank greased or wetted! Trucks are, however, getting more common. Sometimes the slaves are chained to the

trucks. Neither age nor sex is free from iron shackles. Mr. Ewbank describes having seen a very handsome Mozambique girl with a double-pronged collar on; she could not have been over sixteen. While standing on a balcony of a house in Custom-house-street, a little old negress, four-fifths naked, toddled past, in the middle of the street, with an enormous slop-tub on her head (there are no conveniences nor sewers in Rio; everything is daily carried away by the negroes), and secured by a lock and chain to her neck.

"Explain that, Mr. C—," I said. "Oh, she is going to empty slops on the beach, and being probably in the habit of visiting *vendas*, she is thus prevented, as the offensive vessel would not be admitted. Some slaves have been known to sell their 'barils' for rum, and such are sent to the fountains and to the Praya, accoutred as that old woman is." The coffee-carriers do their work at a trot, or half-run, with a load weighing 160lbs. resting on the head and shoulders. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them! Negro-life is not much regarded in Rio. Yet the poor fellows go to their doomed task with a chant. Negroes are also made to carry coals, building-stones, and other heavy weights—loads almost fit for a cart and horse. No wonder, Mr. Ewbank remarks, that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs are so numerous. "There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground." In others the knees cross each other, with the feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. In others, again, the body has settled low down, and the feet are drawn both on one side, so that the legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees.

Apropos of Brazilian tobacco and snuff—the last, the real original and the best in the world. Mr. Ewbank argues that tobacco has avenged, to some extent, the New World for the blood of her children slain by those of the Old, in its Circean effects, physical and moral. "All the conquerors," he says, "have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted. Formerly, the first powers of the earth, now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions,

and crimes, slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed !"

What punishment may Providence also have in store for those who traffic in human flesh, and sell a fellow-creature to a servitude which allows of only ten years' life ! Well might a stranger remark, on passing a castle-like structure in Rio, "The blood of negroes built that." Even in Brazil it is remarked that the great slave-merchants do not flourish long, and never prosper to the last. "They die early, or their wealth leaves them ; they live unhappy, and seldom leave children. With them the smell of gain is good, but like ice it melts away."

In Brazil, from the admixture of blood that takes place, the greatest variety of color is to be seen in the same family. Mr. Ewbank noticed one family of seven children, in which the youngest was very fair, while the color of the rest veered between cinnamon and olive. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other sacerdotal *bijouterie*, charms and amulets also abound. Even children are protected by these preservatives. Fashion in ornament also takes at times curious turns ; one lady will wear a necklace of miniature culinary utensils, another wears a lock at one ear and a key at the other. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent : Lock up what you hear. Even hour-glasses, as auricular pendants, are not out of fashion in Brazil.

There are only three or four eating-houses in Rio. The charges are low and the viands uninviting. Everything that has life and substance is said to be caught and cooked in Brazil, so the stranger cannot be always quite sure of what he is eating in a *ragout* at Rio. The prominent feature, curiously enough for so hot a climate, is the enormous consumption of pork. "And then what pork ! It is all fat ; at least, what lean appears is but a film — a slip of pink blotting-paper lost in a ledger." Pork is used by the highest and lowest every day, and is considered by long experience to be as wholesome in Brazil as in any part of the earth. The great Spanish dish is the *olla*, composed of fowls, mutton, beef, and other matters, but never without bacon ; hence, "an *olla* without bacon is no *olla*." And so with the Portuguese and Brazilians ; a dinner without *toucinho* is next to no dinner at all. *Feijao com toucinho* is

the national dish of Brazil. * Next to this in estimation comes *toucinho do ceo*, "heavenly bacon," with almond paste, eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour. The glorification of bacon is of very ancient date, and as the most popular and esteemed of carneous aliments, it was given as rewards for rural, and particularly for connubial virtues. *El tocino del Paraiso el casado no anepiso*. Bacon of Paradise, for the married who repent not, is a mediæval proverb. The lusty priests and sleek monks of Brazil indulge largely in *toucinho*, without much regard to the virtues. The first are notorious free-livers. Nearly all, Mr. Ewbank tells us, have families, and when seen leaving the dwellings of their wives — or females who ought to be — they invariably speak of them as their nieces or sisters.*

Some of the popular articles of native pastry and confectionary awaken curiosity ; *celestial slices*, for example, described as fine bread soaked in milk, and steeped in a hot compound fluid of sugar, cinnamon, and yolk of eggs ; *Mother Benta's cakes* — an angelic dainty, invented by an ancient nun of the Adjuda convent — the ingredients, rice-flour, butter, sugar, grated meat of the cocoa-nut, and orange-water ; *widows* — sweet paste, thin as tissue-paper, piled an inch thick on each other, and baked. Then there are *sighs*, *lies*, *angel's hair*, *egg-threads*, *weaning-pills*, and *negro's feet*. *Rosaries* are eight and ten-inch rings or strings of praying beads, by which the Credo may be acquired with incruised almonds, and Ave Marias counted with pellets of jujube paste.

In Equatorial Brazil the amounts of dowries and other settlements are generally fixed in cocoa-trees, whose current value is as well understood as coin itself ; in the south, as at Rio, coffee-trees take the place of cocoa. A planter promises to a son or daughter a certain number of *cruzados*, and they take them out in plants ; the current value of each being a *cruzado*, or twenty cents. The Rio people are nicknamed "*cariocas*" and

* The evils consequent on the celibacy of the priesthood, Mr. Ewbank points out at length, are in Brazil of the most revolting character. If a priest is ordered from Rio to a country station, he will take with him some young girl or newly-married woman from her parents or husband. The police having once interfered to rescue a female from a monastery, she was found in one of the cells in a dying condition ! In a proverbially licentious and profligate community, the priests exceed all in licentiousness and profligacy. They are so superlatively corrupt that it is impossible for men to be worse, or to imagine men worse.

"ducks," from their fondness for ablutions, and "bananas," because they are soft and indolent. The stem of the banana never hardens into wood. The hale and active Rio Grandees — "*enascas*," as they are called, from the thongs with which they make their lassos and whips, despise the people of Rio as "women." The Rio Grande belles are real Amazons, ride like men, and dress like men, with boots and spurs, and sometimes military caps and epaulettes. These ladies have no hesitation in sending a disagreeable person to what the Portuguese call the Englishman's heaven — a place antipodal to the abode of the righteous.

A visit to the palace was as good as an anti-splenetic draught to Mr. Ewbank. It must have benefited him for a month afterwards. After rattling away at the thick heads of "incarnations of royalty," "Jezebel queens," and "anointed carnivora of ancient and modern times," he adds that Brazilians "are tenacious of the solemn fooleries of the Portuguese and other European court ceremonies, which it is hardly possible to witness without feelings of contempt for the actors." He actually groaned with emotion "on beholding American ministers paying a humiliating homage to monarchy, which the republics of Greece would not allow their *ambassadors*, even at the court of Persia, to offer." * To his infinite horror he also saw a viscount nursing an infant prince; "and is it for employments like *that*, I thought, for which such a man was made!" "But such," he adds, "is the philosophy of monarchy!" When at the extremity of the imperial pond, or lake, Mr. Ewbank saw two negro women knee-deep in it, washing, and within five feet of them two black men, perfectly nude, engaged in the same operation — did he think that such was also one of the elements of greatness in a free republic? Have not all human institutions their faults, and will the knowledge of this never teach forbearance? Not apparently with the Yankees; whatever is not of them and like them is corrupt, bad, false, and despicable.

If we find startling inconsistencies in democracy between faith and practice, so also we find, at the other extreme of Romanist

bigotry and priestcraft, the most startling inconsistencies between the practice of piety and the principles of humanity. Imagine, for example, a man selling his own children by his slaves, to found a church! Yet such was the case in the instance of Antonio dos Pobres. Mr. Ewbank was so much amused with the *ex votos* offerings in the churches, that he gives us a sketch of a selection from the Paula church, consisting of hands with wens, breasts with excrescences, and feet distorted. He also favors us with a sketch of the Virgin's shoe-sole, as it fell from heaven near Padua in 1543, and is now preserved in the little fane of San Sebastian at Rio. Visiting the convent of Ajuda, he justly asks: "If, as is said, nuns are happy in their cells, for what purpose, then, in lands where law prevails, are there massive walls, gratings, bolts, locks, and other devices? Even shackles, it is admitted, are not wanting in this place. No felon-prison can have a better system of securities. What alliance can there be between the gentle, willing spirit of the Gospel and so much iron? Penal statutes suffice to prevent people from breaking in; what need of such devices, if not designed to keep those confined from breaking out!" This is followed up by the details of instances publicly known in Rio, where imprisonment in convents has been used for the basest and most criminal purposes, and where the victims have fallen "under tortures known only to the fiends that inflicted them." The law cannot interfere, — no civil officer can enter a convent, no correspondence can go out.

Of the forty odd churches in Rio, one only, that of St. Francis de Paula, has a clock. Men, "Jacks of the Clock," are employed, like ancient sacristans, to grasp the clapper of church-bells and proclaim the hours, sometimes by a corresponding number of strokes, but not always so. Some of them, after striking the hour, indulge in a little fancy flourish.

Going to the botanical gardens with a small party, Mr. Ewbank dined at a low and mean-looking tavern; yet where they had soup; fish resembling large striped bass, brought ashore alive, and prepared in three different ways; boiled beef; roast beef; fried eggs and greens served together; boiled chickens roast ditto; ditto fricasseed; curry sauce; salads; potatoes; mandioca, dry and made up like mush; rice; sweet puddings; sweet-

* Elsewhere, Mr. Ewbank, criticising Mr. Wise's deportment before the emperor, says, "There are republicans without even the virtue of Ismenias, who pander to royalty to an extent that, in an Athenian or Spartan ambassador, would have been punished with death."

meats (quince and citron); bananas; oranges; almonds; prunes; wine of two kinds; liqueurs for the ladies; and a dozen other things. Half an hour after, strong coffee was served. This repast for nine persons, another for the driver, the previous lunch of the party, and feed for four mules, cost only ten dollars. This is followed by a list of some five hundred and sixty plants growing in the botanical gardens of Rio. It is more curious to read that round the boll of a sago-tree a brilliant band of scarlet and variegated colors was observed coiled. It was a coral snake, the most beautiful, and reputed the most venomous, of Brazilian serpents.

St. Luzia is the patroness of the blind, and her shrine is much frequented by slaves, among whom blindness is exceedingly prevalent. The saint stands at the further end of the church, of natural size, holding two eyeballs on a plate or saucer. Her collectors carry with them a silver eye for contributors to kiss. One of the almost endless metamorphoses of the Virgin and Child is into "Nossa Senhora de Cabo da Boa Esperança." Mr. Ewbank serves up the metamorphosis in a woodcut. Formerly there was no threading a street or turning a corner without having to compliment some diminutive divinities—"to us," says Mr. Ewbank, "but eighteen-inch dolls"—but they are now rapidly disappearing. The blacks, who never do anything by halves except labor, so thronged round the street-images, and so annoyed the neighbors with their orisons, that instead of a city blessing, the little genii verged towards a municipal nuisance, and became gradually removed.

The unavoidable tendency of slavery everywhere is to render labor disreputable. Black slavery is rife in Brazil, and Brazilians shrink with something allied to horror from manual employments. Ask a native youth of a family in low circumstances why he does not learn a trade and earn an independent living, ten to one but he will tremble with indignation, and inquire if you mean to insult him! "Work! work!" screamed one; "we have blacks to do that." Hundreds and hundreds of families have one or two slaves, on whose earnings alone they live!

Hence in Rio, the master mechanics and tradesmen are, with the exception of a few French and other foreigners, Portuguese. The richest men in the country, the most in-

dustrious artisans, and assiduous of store-keepers, are Lusitanians. Brazilians dislike them, perhaps as much for the competence their diligence in business realizes as for anything else.

Gambling in Rio is universal. Lotteries are granted for all sorts of things, and fresh ones are perpetually announced. Most of them are granted to religious orders, for their benefices. Boys run about peddling tickets; they enter stores, visit the markets, and even stop you in the street; nay, women are sent out as agents by the dealers.

The consumption of *maté*, or Paraguay tea, in Brazil is very great, as it is considered an indispensable preservative against climatic influences. In the market, five-foot sharks are sold with bass and mackerel. The fountains of Rio are eminently picturesque. There is not one, Mr. Ewbank says, but presents, with the landscape of which it makes the foreground, the elements of a picture.

The circumstance of the senators opening the legislative session in official costume was naturally offensive to the eyes of a democrat. Brazilians, Mr. Ewbank remarked, do not lack the elements of greatness, but a patriot in homespun—a Franklin, Phocion, or Dentatus—would hardly be appreciated. An aerial-looking personage, powdered and uniquely draped, tripped in and out. "I took him," says Mr. Ewbank, "for master of ceremonies, but he was Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies." When the emperor came in he had nearly reached the throne, when a gentleman entered behind holding up with both hands the continuation of his train. The imperial throat was surrounded like a schoolboy's by a shirt-frill, whose triple row of edging rested on an ermine tippet that reached to his elbows. From the tippet to the toes he was in white satin, "and the whole," Mr. Ewbank, in his national contempt for royalty, concludes his description by saying, "so closely fitted to the upper and nether limbs, that, divested of the train and tippet, he might have been taken anywhere else for a pantaloon, or, judging from the long pole he leaned on, for a rope-dancer about to turn a sunset." "Like other histrionic gentlemen, royal actors," he adds afterwards, "must submit to theatrical criticism."

Mr. Ewbank attended a sale where the goods were living beings. Among the men

were carpenters, masons, sailors, tailors, cooks, and a barber-surgeon, who, like most of his profession, was a musician — "No. 19, 1 Rapaz, Barbeiro, bom sangrador e musico." Among the females were washers, sewers, cooks, two dressmakers, "muito prendada," very accomplished. A couple were wet-nurses, with much good milk, and each with a colt or silly; thus: "No. 61, 1 Rapariga, com muito bom leite, com cria." *Cria* signifies the young of horses, and is applied to negro offspring.

"They were of every shade, from deep Angola jet to white, or nearly white, as one young woman facing me appeared. She was certainly superior in mental organization to some of the buyers. The anguish with which she watched the proceedings, and waited her turn to be bought out, exposed, examined, and disposed of, was distressing. A little girl — I suppose her own — stood by her weeping, with one hand in her lap, obviously dreading to be torn away. This child did not cry out — that is not allowed — but tears chased each other down her cheeks, her little bosom panted violently, and such a look of alarm marked her face as she turned her large eyes on the proceedings, that I thought at one time she would have dropped."

"Purchasers of pots and pot-lids," said Diogenes, "ring them lest they should carry

cracked ones home, but men they buy on sight." If such was the practice of old, it is not so now: the head, eyes, mouth, teeth, arms, hands, trunks, legs, feet — every limb and ligament without are scrutinized, while, to ascertain if aught within be ruptured, the breast and other parts are sounded.

Yet the people who practice these abominations are no more wanting in the spirit of national glorification than any other nation in the world — even than the stern and would-be classical republican. Upon the occasion of the burial of the Friar Barboza, secretary of the Historical and Geographical Institute, orations were read in which, among other sentences, occur the following:

"Almost a quarter of a century after the consummation of the famed fact — the creation of a new empire on the earth — death has come and snatched away a chief actor in the great drama, of which the principal actor was the son of kings, the beloved Prince of Liberty in the Old World and the New.

"The New World was not shaped to be measured by the hands of a pigmy. The mouths of the Amazon, Madeira, Xingu, and Guayba, were designed by providence for a people of giants; and for a prince who, from the summit of his throne, must one day have conference with the universe, and mark the track of his high destiny!"

QUEEN ANNE'S AUGUSTAN AGE.—A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the First George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of "greatness" behind us. We still find plenty of good writing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there, also, we discern something like real power and strength breaking through the prevailing element; but on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be called "great." It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigor of speculative

capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of "greatness" to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindness or courtesy; and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armor of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the "great" had ceased.—*Masson's Biographical and Critical Essays.*

From Household Words.

CURACIES.

WHEN the day came in which I was declared the seventeenth wrangler in the list of honors at Cambridge, I thought my fortune was made. The place was, to confess the truth, a little higher than I had expected, but not perhaps higher than I deserved. My friend Jones—who makes a rule of betting twenty to one about everything—had backed me, even, to be senior; and if anything fatal had suddenly happened to the sixteen others, senior I should have been. I had been scholar of my college for some time; I had written (and printed at my own expense) the theological prize essay of my year; and I had had the honor of declaiming against Bishop Burnet and Latitudinarianism in our chapel, to a select congregation of four.

It had been determined, long ago, by my friends, that I should go into the church: not, on the one hand, because there was any family benefice at my service; nor, on the other, that I had a peculiar call for the ministry; put for the simple reason that the clerical profession seemed to offer the position of a gentleman with a certain, however scanty, livelihood. I was better fitted for it—there is no doubt upon the matter whatever—than the majority of those whom I met in the senate-house a year after my leaving college, at the voluntary theological examination. Many of these had, unquestionably, put off their conversion to the very latest moment, and some of them seemed to think that there was a little time left for that still. There were three brothers in particular, I remember, for whom there was one good living then being kept warm, whose father had sent them to try their luck at the Vol: feeling sure that if two out of the three did not succeed in pulling through it, the third would. This actually came to pass, and the emoluments of the living were preserved in the family.

"Sir," it was observed to one of us by my revered tutor (who is of a cynical disposition), "when I look upon these lists of candidates for holy orders, yearly, I am the more convinced of the truth and firmness of that Church of England, which can stand such repeated shocks from within."

I merely say this much—of which every man who has eyes to see, and not merely to wink at things with, is perfectly cognizant—in order to show that my unfortunate experience and lack of professional success is not owing to any peculiar unfitness of my own. I had never been a fast man, and had as excellent testimonials from my college as could be. I had given much of my time to theology; and, as I have said, distinguished myself publicly in that branch of study. It was my

personal desire to become a clergyman; and, if there are other qualifications that may be with modesty put forward as proving my competence for the ministry, I affirm that I possessed them. When, therefore, I had passed my examination, I looked around me with confidence for a curacy.

My opinions, although decided, were sufficiently moderate. I therefore eschewed the offers of both the Guardian and Record newspapers, and applied myself to the advertisements in the Ecclesiastical Gazette. I was a good deal struck, and not at all pleased, by observing that there were just six times as many curates wanting curacies as there were curacies wanting curates; and, of these few, there were several which spoke of "the sphere of usefulness which they had the Christian privilege of offering to laborers in the vineyard," having no stipend attached to them whatever.

As a general rule, I already knew that the more spiritual the wording of an advertisement, the less remunerative are its terms. Therefore, having but very little private fortune, I regarded only the more business-like statements. Amidst a crowd of powerful-voice-and-good-delivery requirements; via-media views (*always view*); indispensabilities; Anglo-Catholic convictions; pure Protestant persuasions, and the like, this simple notice seemed to promise well:

"A Curacy, with title for the Trinity Ordination. Apply personally to Rev. L. A., Credita Regis, Bucks."

Not even earnestness was made a point of, nor the desirability of private means. It was without the trace, in short, of any kind of clerical snare. I took train by the Great Western at once to the nearest station, and drove thence to the Reverend Lacey Alley's. The parish, I was informed, was very small, and the village was like the little Swiss villages that are sold at Interlachen; there seemed, as I went along, so scanty a population, and so few poor cottages, that I wondered what Mr. Alley could possibly want a curate for. That, however, was not my business, and the place seemed exactly to suit a young divine who had everything to learn. Conversing with the driver of the gig I had hired, upon general local topics, he presently observed with a grin, which, I am sure, my familiarity had not been sufficient to provoke:

"Cummin to be parson here, sir, under Mr. Lacey Alley?"

"There is," I observed quietly, "a probability of my becoming his curate."

"Noa, ye won't, sir, take my word for it," he rejoined.

"Indeed! Is the vacancy already filled?"

"Not as I know on," he replied; "but there has been a matter of a dozen young gents arter it lately, and they all goes back by the next train, they does. I have lived within three mile of Credita all my life, and I never knowed one stay much more nor a year there — when he did stay."

I felt that it would not be delicate to converse with this man upon such a subject further; so I kept silence till we drove through the rectory gates.

It was a very snug little place, and in beautiful order. A honeysuckle was trained over the porch, diffusing a luxurious perfume; and there were grapes all over the house front. The entrance hall had a beautiful model in ivory of the neighboring cathedral. In the study, wherein I awaited Mr. Alley's coming, was arranged a great mass of theological learning, and the Bishop of the Diocese (very faithfully yours) hung over the mantelpiece. Upon a luxurious chair beside the window, there lay a heap of reports of different religious societies. The whole room was pervaded, too, with an agreeable incense, which perhaps (for I was not of course then qualified to judge) may have been the odor of sanctity; but which, had I detected it in college rooms, I should have pronounced to be the scent of Havana cigars. Presently the rector entered with a very sweet smile; a stout, good-humored gentleman in spectacles and short black gaiters.

Was I come with an idea of becoming his fellow-laborer? It was his fervent hope that I should be so. Did I admire the village, and surrounding country? It was most kind of me to say that much. I would stay to dine with him surely; and, in the meantime, would I take a stroll with him in the extremely limited grounds?

We went into an old-fashioned garden, with cut yews around a bowling-green, a large arbor and a magnificent mulberry-tree; looked over a hedge of sweetbriar, and admired the points of a sleek-cob in the field adjoining; discussed divers clerical matters, and returned at the sound of a little silver bell to dine.

Mr. Lacey Alley was, as I have said, a pleasant-looking, bald old gentleman at all times; but, after dinner, benevolence seemed positively to beam from him in all directions, like light from the sun. When he had got the port back again from my side of the table to his, nursing his right leg upon his left, and sliding down in the comfortable arm-chair to an angle of about 175°, he might have sat for an allegory of Content or an incarnation of Plenty.

"The work is very light, you see, Mr. Andrews," he said, after showing a little

sketch of my future duties at Credita; "and with the furnished cottage and your title, I think if we say fifty pounds a year, it will be about the mark."

"Well, sir," I replied, "I have but a very small private property, — scarcely anything, indeed, independent of my personal exertions; but, as it is my first essay, and you give, as you say, a title, I accept your offer with pleasure."

"Yes," pursued Mr. Lacey Alley, dreamily, and sipping at his glass in an abstracted manner, "I think fifty pounds per annum is not too much: paid quarterly, either at the Rectory House, or at Bagstock, Mammon and Bagstock, Cornhill, to my private account. I have had seventy-five pounds for a title before this; but we will say fifty."

"What," I said, "my good sir, do I understand that I am to be your debtor? — to pay you fifty pounds a-year for being your curate?"

"Precisely so." And the reverend gentleman gave me a nod of condescension and kindness, as if to preclude any expression of gratitude, and to acquit me of all obligation. I thanked him for his hospitality, and took my leave almost at once, carpet-bag in hand; for, with the intention of sleeping in the village, I had foolishly dismissed my vehicle, and had now to walk to the station. At the corner of the rectory wall, however, I found gig and driver waiting. "All right," he said, "I know'd you'd be back again for the next train; there ain't one in twenty as stops." Selling titles, indeed, was just as much a source of professional emolument to Lacey Alley as the tithes of Credita Regis; and there were but few who could afford to buy them at his valuation.

I applied to a good many more ecclesiastical advertisers, both personally and by letter, before I got a title to orders. The majority of them gave nothing whatever to their curates besides their characters; few gave more than thirty pounds — unless there was no furnished dwelling-place; and none more than sixty pounds. An offer of this last sum I at last accepted.

The vicarage of Multum in Parvo, was upon the summit of a range of downland, very wild and bleak. It was the only respectable-looking house in the hamlet; and, from some talk I had with the peasants I chanced to meet upon the road, the ignorance of the inhabitants seemed quite stupendous. What necessity, I wondered, could there be for my having taken honors at the university, about which the vicar had been particularly solicitous? It struck me that a seventeenth wrangler and the gainer of a theological prize was about to be thrown away.

A boy in a stable-dress was wheeling a barrow through the garden-gate as I drove up. He shut it rudely in my face, and caused me to wait outside for a considerable time. I could have sworn — had the canon law permitted it — that the same identical youth let me in at the front door at last; although his face had acquired the tint of beetroot, from the haste with which he had cast himself into those pepper-and-salts. I observed that the umbrella-stand in the entrance hall was also a hat-stand and a coat-stand, a home for the barometer, and a stall for the garden-spud. I saw that Mr. Shiftwell himself wore a sort of garment in which he might have played at skittles, danced the mazourka, or preached the assize sermon before the judges, without its attracting notice upon either occasion. Whether the room wherein he sat was the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or the library, no upholsterer could accurately determine. I know not whether the collation of which he pressed me to partake should be more fitly called luncheon, or dinner, or breakfast à la fourchette; and, after I had remained a year within that house, I was still in doubt whether the parlor-maid or the housemaid was the cook, or whether there was indeed no housemaid or parlor-maid, and but one poor miserable domestic, after all. Mr. Shiftwell strolled out with me after — the meal, and behaved most frankly and agreeably: exhibiting the church that was also the school-room, and the churchyard wherein a cow and a horse were feeding along with a flock of sheep, and which he assured me produced a good crop of hay at the proper time besides. To my inquiries about lodgings in the village, he replied that it was his desire that I should take up my residence with him. There was plenty of room, he said, and we should doubtless be good company to one another. In discussing ecclesiastical matters he observed, "I cannot think how so many of my brethren can find it in their consciences to accept the gratuitous services of men of their own cloth. For my part, I never give less than one hundred pounds a-year to any priest, or than sixty pounds a-year to any deacon. I give that sum even with a title, and with what little advantages my poor house can offer likewise." I could not help observing upon this unwonted generosity; but Mr. Shiftwell refused to listen to any encomiums. "There is no generosity in the matter, sir," said he, "it's a mere question of Christianity; but I hope I am not illiberal by nature either." Our conversation having been interrupted more than once by the boisterous laughter of some youths at play in the neighboring meadow, he presently remarked, "I am a widower, Mr. Andrews, and these are

my three boys. The eldest of them is only fifteen; but he shows an uncommon talent, and will do something, I hope, some day, at your own college. By the bye, sir, I forget whether I mentioned that I should expect you to afford my boys some of your spare time every day as an instructor; from nine to twelve, say, and from two till four."

This was the reason why the Vicar of Mulum in Parvo was so anxious about his curate having taken honors: also, perhaps, in some measure, the explanation of his seeming munificence: his plan for educating his three boys being decidedly cheaper than that of either Eton or Rugby.

Nevertheless I abode with Mr. Shiftwell for my year of bondage, and made three tolerable bricks out of an insufficient quantity of straw. After that period; and having been ordained a priest, I began to entertain hopes of bettering myself. I had a notion — common among young curates, but still, I think, not in my case without foundation — that I had an especial gift for pulpit eloquence, which seemed altogether a buried talent so long as I should remain at Mulum in Parvo. An advertisement in my Vicar's weekly paper (which combined the information of Bell's Life, the Court Journal, and the Church and State Gazette) seemed to afford a chance of distinguishing myself in a more open field of action. At Santon, a fashionable watering-place on the east coast, a young evangelical minister, with a pleasant voice and engaging manners, was said to be in request. There was no parish work, the assistant being required for a proprietary chapel, by that popular preacher, the Reverend Speke Softly.

I was introduced to the countenance of this gentleman by every print-shop which I passed in Santon, before I enjoyed the privilege of seeing it in the flesh. Whether a temporary attack of bile or jaundice had marred those insinuating features, I cannot, at this distance of time, remember; but, with the same hyacinthine locks, the same snow-white hands, the same exquisitely accurate get-up, as represented in the engraving, he was certainly less benignant than it was, in expression. He took no pains to hide the relative positions in which he considered we two stood. His opinion of me was the same which the man who plays Hamlet may be supposed to entertain of the man who plays the cock. I was to read prayers morning and evening: but to preach only in the afternoon, when servants and children were supposed alone to form the congregation.

Mr. Speke Softly was either not ambitious of a rival, or hesitated to entrust the precious souls of the aristocracy out of his own hands. He was much distressed at my announcing

myself a poor man; but more on the church's account, he said, than on his own, or mine. "It would be well for this country, Mr. Andrews, if the ministry were exclusively supplied from the upper and wealthy classes. There is but too much truth in what is urged against tithe and church-rate, and it is a thousand pities that they cannot both be dispensed with. Mammon is the besetting sin of our order, and for my part"—he grew at this point exceedingly like the engraving—"it is my humble boast that I have never taken a shilling from the poor." Mr. Softly, however, omitted to add, what was equally true, that the poor never took a shilling from him. He had simply nothing to do with them; either temporarily or spiritually. With the exception of the servants and children before mentioned, no miserable sinners who had not five hundred a-year, ever entered his chapel. The themes of his discourses were upon contentment with our situations in life, obedience to authority, and respect to our superiors; which, however fitted for the dwellers in the lanes and rows of Santon, were rather superfluous to the inhabitants of its squares and crescents. What with the comforts that his well-cushioned, many-hassocked flock enjoyed in this world, and the brilliant prospect their pastor drew of their future life, they were an especially privileged and elect congregation.

My next superior was the Reverend Cruciform Pyx, Rector of St. Dunstan's, whom, if I had been more of an acrobat, I should have better pleased. It was at least six weeks before I had learnt to make his requisite genuflections, head-inclinings, rotations and semi-rotations at the precisely correct times. We two were accustomed to proceed to church with our arms folded crosswise over our breasts; with our eyes directed to the ground; which, to me, who did n't know the road so well, was less easy than it was to the Reverend Mr. Pyx. St. Dunstan's was immediately contiguous to a large railway-station, the superintendent of which was one of our churchwardens. He was an essentially practical, but a most obliging person; and, upon the rector's requesting his assistance in carrying out a dashing scheme of having lighted candles before the altar, he suggested, "But, as you are so near the works, why not lay on a gas-pipe at once?"

Mr. Pyx, although a narrow-minded and even superstitious person, was a gentleman, and treated his curate as such, with the exception of a rather severe homily administered on the occasion of his detecting me in company with pigeon-pie on a Friday. I experienced from him unvarying kindness. I should have remained with him perhaps up

to this time, but for my having unwittingly buried a poor man in the churchyard—he being, not alive, but what was still worse in the eyes of the Reverend Cruciform—a dissenter. My rector was away, and had left no particular orders against this unfortunate person's interment. Moreover, if I had refused to do my office, I should have been suspended by the bishop: for, in these cases, what is conscience in the benefited clergyman, is supposed to be too expensive a luxury to be enjoyed by the curate; but good Mr. Pyx would listen to nothing save his own indignant voice in quotation of St. Anathema Maranatha De Sepulturâ Hereticorum, and from St. Dunstan's I had to depart forthwith.

It would be tedious to narrate further, how I wandered from cure to cure without much permanent benefit; most penniless men in the same circumstances perceive earlier that advancement, or even moderate remuneration, in the church is not to be expected without episcopal or aristocratic connection, and are soon content to vegetate for their natural lives in the position of gentlemen with the incomes of underbutlers. Perhaps it had been better for me if I had done this. I should have then escaped many a proud man's contumely, many a proud woman's insult; for I have often met with a Mrs. Lacey Alley and even a Mrs. Pyx, who regarded a curate as an animal of a lower creation, upon whose back too much cannot be laid. My continual crosses and ill-fortune have, I am aware, soured my temper, and not better fitted me for my profession. I can, myself, detect the bitterness that threads this very statement. I shall, perhaps, seem to its readers a carping and dissipated person, who has the good of himself in view, rather than that of his order. I do not defend myself; I wish for the church's sake that I had myself and my own faults alone to thank that, after many years of ministerial labor, I am in the same position, in all respects as regards emolument and station, as when I first entered the ranks of the clergy. The circumstances of my dating this communication from the Rectory House, Grapesissour, Hants, is easily explained. I have no chance whatever of my becoming at any time the rector of that place; that fortunate divine—who has the advantage of being married to an earl's daughter, and of possessing a canonry of a thousand a-year, in addition to this pleasant benefice of seven hundred—although an exceedingly courteous person, is not the sort of man to resign any of these possessions in my favor; or, if he were compelled to resign one of the three, it would be, or I am very much mistaken, her honorable ladyship. He gives me, nominally, in ac-

cordance with the command of the bishop and with the wording of his oath, one hundred pounds per annum; but I pay him fifty pounds of that back for the use of the Rectory House, and rather more than the same sum for keeping up its extensive gardens. Had I not some private pupils there, and if I were compelled to subsist upon my stipend, I should fare but ill; for the annual balance is actually against me in the sum of three pounds three shillings and fourpence. I have, certainly, the honor of receiving occa-

sional letters from the Reverend High and Mitey and from her Ladyship, and I am allowed the use of the kitchen-stuff; so that the loss of the three pounds three shillings and fourpence may be said to be made up to me in vegetables and condescension. Still, I do not think that it is I who deserve the title of "Bloated Churchman," which I understand is very freely applied to me by the evening company, at the Standard of Freedom, over the way.

A LAND TRAVELLING FISH.—In the fourteenth number of the *Zoological Journal*, there is an account of a peculiar species of mailed fish, called the *Doras Costata*, which frequents the freshwater pools, lakes, and rivers of British Guiana. It lives chiefly on aquatic insects, and is one of those fishes which possess the singular property of deserting the water and travelling overland. In those terrestrial excursions, large droves of the species are frequently met with during very dry seasons; for it is only at such periods that they are compelled to this dangerous march, which exposes them to be preyed upon by so many and such various enemies. When the water is leaving the pools in which they commonly reside, the *yarrowes* (a species of *Esox*, Linn.), as well as the second species of hassar, to which we shall presently refer, bury themselves in the mud, while all the other fishes perish for want of their natural element, or are picked up by birds, &c. The *flat-headed* hassars, on the contrary, simultaneously quit the place, and march overland in search of water, travelling for a whole night, as is asserted by the Indians, in search of their object. It has certainly been ascertained by experiment that they will live many hours out of water, even when exposed to the sun's rays. Their motion is described as in some respects resembling that of the two-footed lizard. They project themselves forward on their bony arms by the elastic spring of the tail exerted sideways. Their progress is nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong *scuta* or bands which envelop their bodies must greatly facilitate their march, in the same way as the plates under the bellies of serpents, which are raised and depressed at the will of the reptile, in some measure perform the office of feet. It is said that the other species, the *roundheads*, has not been known to attempt such excursions, although it is capable of living a long time out of its element; but, as has been already observed, it buries itself in the mud after the manner of the *yarrowes* when the water is drying up.

The Indians say that these fishes carry water with them for a supply on their journey. There

appears to be some truth in this statement; for the writer in the *Zoological Journal* remarked that the bodies of the hassars do not get dry like those of other fishes when taken out of the water; and if the moisture be absorbed, or if they be wiped dry with a cloth, they have such a power of secretion that they become instantly moist again. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to dry the surface while the fish is living.

The hassars, like some other species of fishes, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over with great care. Nor does their solicitude end here; they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much assiduity as a hen guards her eggs, both the male and the female—for the hassars are monogamous—steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking any assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which, the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is captured.

The roundhead forms its nest of grass, the flathead of leaves; both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. Observers have been surprised at the sudden appearance of numerous nests in a morning after rain has fallen, the spots being indicated by masses of froth which appear on the surface of the water over the nests. Below the froth are the eggs, deposited on bunches of fallen leaves, or grass if it be the littoral species, which they somehow or other cut and collect. By what means, however, this is effected is a mystery, as the species is destitute of cutting-teeth.

The flesh of the hassar is yellow, firm, and very savory, and is used by the Creoles in making soup, which they prepare with the addition of several vegetables, such as the okra, calabao, and fow-fow, avam and plantains, boiled and pounded into a sort of plain pudding. The whole is seasoned with pepper, salt, and lime-juice, and forms, in reality, one of the best dishes in the country, although it is not at first generally relished by Europeans.

From Chambers' Journal.

PSYCHE WILLAN.

SHE was truly my ideal of a Psyche, with that spiritual face lit up by those large, soft, brilliantly-clear gray eyes, whose usual expression was that of love and gentleness, but which possessed the power to mirror forth every thought and feeling within, as faithfully as the river reflects the clouds and stars of heaven. I never beheld anything more lovely than those eyes: there were times when I do think a seraph's only could have such a light and glory; and again, I have seen them roll in so dark a depth of grandeur and command—with such a princess-like expression—that I have positively experienced a feeling very near akin to awe. Fairy, fragile Psyche, she was nevertheless not in the least a beauty, for that little face was not chiselled according to the artist's rules; nor was that small piquant nose by any means of the Grecian order; it was, in fact, a pretty snub—but O! how pretty! So fair and satiny, flecked with a tiny tracery of freckles like those we see on the redbreast's egg—there never was beheld skin purer or softer than that of the gentle little Psyche. A rose-leaf was as pure and delicate; but the softness of that very slightly tinged vermilion cheek I know no simile for at all—a peach would be rough near it, and velvet much the same—there might have grown once in Eden some lovely fruit or flower by whose tender bloom it might perchance have been equalled. Then how beautiful was its shape! with that exquisite rounded swell, so rarely to be met with. In the otherwise most perfect faces, you frequently find the cheek defective—cold, hard, and angular, with a certain coarseness of outline which would not make one echo Romeo's wish, "to be a glove upon that hand, that you might touch that cheek." But well, indeed, might Psyche's lover breathe such a wish; and I for one would envy him its realization. What blood-red lips were those of the little maiden! living, glowing ruby—never paling, never losing for a moment their healthful freshness. The under one was rich and full: and the upper, with its peculiar and delicate curve, had, it must be confessed, as much of pride and *hauteur* in its expression as that of any fair aristocrat who ever sat beneath the glitter of a coronet. Psyche Willan was, however, no aristocrat, only the daughter of a plain country gentleman, of rather broken fortune; but then tradition loved to tell of the antiquity of the family of Willan—of the lands and castles once possessed by that high-blooded race; and, sooth to say, I do think their fair little descendant was—although she altogether disclaimed the weakness—not a little proud of the ancient,

though now nearly fallen house of her fathers. Ah! I had almost forgotten to speak of one of the greatest beauties of my pretty Psyche—her long, soft, and silky hair, of a strange sad shade of brown—a shade I have never seen with any one but with her. Those lovely and abundant tresses would fall down nearly to her feet, did she so will it; but as young ladies now-a-days do not dress their hair à l'Ophelie, that of little Miss Willan was necessarily confined with the usual amount of combs and pins. She did not wear curls—her hair did not curl—it was soft, weeping-willow hair; and would receive no impression from the tightest process of paper-screwing: and it was best so. Those large, swelling, soft brown bands did serve as the most admirable framework to the most darling little face in the world; so full of fragrant morning freshness, that when she entered a room you felt as if greeted with the perfume of a spring-breeze laden with the breath of a thousand new-blown flowers. I do not well know who first substituted the appropriate name of "Psyche" for Miss Willan's baptismal name of Sarah; whosoever did so, certainly did well. Strangers, hearing it for the first time, wondered not a little at the strange romantic name bestowed upon pretty Miss Willan. It is a singular fact, that *recherché* and refined as was the style of little Psyche, she was nevertheless wonderfully admired by the most vulgar and common-place people, who usually pass by unnoticed any sort of loveliness whose principal charm is borrowed from the spiritual beauty within. No one passed her by unnoticed—this high-bred *distingué* little creature, who was at the same time a lady in the land, and a very spirit of the air—her large soft eyes such lamps of moonlight splendor, beaming with all the attraction of virgin purity; and that sweet, all-pervading look of love and goodness. In truth, it must be very dull clay which could not see that beauty which is so far beyond the cold, uninformed perfection of mere *physique*.

Until she was about the age of sixteen, however, nothing remarkable to ordinary observers was there in the person or mind of little Sarah Willan; she was merely talked of as an amiable docile child, very useful to all around her, and never thinking, apparently, for one moment about herself. She was what is called an old-fashioned child—staid and demure, with none of the usual ringing childish mirth or animal spirits—loving far more to sit down with old people, than to join in the gambols of her little brothers and sisters. She was called "a plain little thing" by nearly all her own folk; only a few thought her very interesting in appearance. Some winning charm she

had which they could not define, but something it was of a singular individuality by which the little creature stood apart from all those around her. Earnest and genuine you knew she was in an uncommon degree, with as little, perhaps, of the mortal leaven as ever fell to the lot of any of our species. When was it that this dear little Psyche began to be no longer plain? Almost suddenly, I think, she put off the chrysalis, and came forth as the golden-winged butterfly. How many were astonished at the transformation, and not a little piqued that the young lady had so flatly contradicted all their opinions and predictions concerning her. Sarah Willan pretty! — why, if *she* had grown up pretty, no one need despair of being a beauty! But pretty, strikingly pretty, she was voted nevertheless, and had numerous suitors and admirers the very first year of her “coming out;” but she was wonderfully insensible to all their attractions and the devotion they lavished upon her. Her indifference to society was one of her leading characteristics. The atmosphere of the drawing-room was certainly not congenial to the mind of the dreamy and poetical little Psyche; she loved best to sit alone with a book, in some remote corner, or to stroll out in the soft summer evenings, when twilight was stealing on with its noiseless footsteps, and a gentle haze spread over the distant landscape, like the shadowy misty blue upon the mellow plum — when the night came on at last — the silent, silent night, bearing odors heavy and luscious from the black green firs and larches, and the air was dense and oppressive, as if with the breathings of deep and voluptuous passion. Beautiful Psyche! was it from the bright evening-star her eyes had drunk in their unearthly glory? — had her voice caught its magic tones from the silvery music of the birds and the streams?

At the time Sarah Willan had nearly completed her sixteenth year, she was still a child in mind, and, as I have said, not by any means generally admired for her personal attractions. She was then, apparently, neither intellectual nor dreamy — had scarcely ever read poetry, and but little, indeed, of prose, unless her geography and grammar. Now, she began very earnestly to love books, and drank in with a strange instinctive thirst the music of the poets. I believe it was a little before this period she had formed the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Gerald Aylmer, a young literary man who had come on a visit to some friend's house whither she went to stay for a few days; and it is not improbable that the conversation of a man so gifted as he was — so unlike any man she had ever met before — had

the effect of awakening within her mind those fine tastes which had so long been sleeping beyond the bounds of even her own consciousness. And yet with Mr. Aylmer she could not have had much conversation of any kind, for she was then only a green, bashful school-girl, who would not dare to address the great literary lion; and who, besides, even had she courage for such a feat, would have been puzzled *how* to talk, since her acquaintance with books was of the very narrowest kind, and her ideas on every mental subject as yet in a perfectly chaotic state. But I remarked that she always listened attentively when this gentleman was speaking; and those great gray eyes of hers seemed to expand strangely, as she looked upon the very striking and intellectual face before her. Mr. Aylmer was a young man of about one-and-twenty, of singular gravity of demeanor for his years, with very deep-blue, earnest-looking eyes, whose unfathomable calmness appeared as if never to be ruffled by the storms of passion. He was not, I thought, a man of any strong original power, but simply one of those minds so often met with, in which all the fervid and generous qualities of unsophisticated youth go to make up something so very like genius, that we cannot help dreaming that here is promise and material for one of the age's “representative men.” We are surprised, after a few years, to find that our hope has been a barren hope — that our hero has quietly subsided into a respectable newspaper editor or correspondent, a doctor or a lawyer in moderate practice; while oftentimes, perhaps, he disappears altogether into silence and oblivion. Time, the great tester of the genuine metal, has done its work; the gilding has worn off; for the noble aspiration, the honest impulse, the great purpose, have grown not out of the roots of the nature, but flourished only as exotic in the hot soil of juvenile enthusiasm. So the man could not rise victorious out of the wear and tear and friction of the hard, cruel world. Friends come to admonish and advise, selfishness whispers its prudent counsel, and timidity and indolence stand near at hand to complete the conquest.

What were Miss Sarah Willan's opinions concerning Mr. Aylmer I knew not, nor had I then any curiosity to learn; but I suppose she was awe-struck by his great reputation, and believed him to be a very sublime and somewhat austere person. The little girl was not then certainly capable of appreciating his rich intellectual endowments; but her youth and defect of mental culture could not prevent her from seeing that he had a very manly and commanding presence, and a face impressed with the vivid mark of a finely developed mind. Those deep blue eyes

were very beautiful — the blue of a dark and waveless lake ; the smile on those full lips, too, was charming, softening down the severe aspect of the Roman nose and brow. Little Psyche Willan, you I did not see for some six months after you and I had encountered this intellectual book-read Mr. Aylmer, and strangely delighted and surprised was I to see you transformed into the veritable Psyche I have described. You had no wings, it is true ; but one wondered why they were not there, and why you did not soar off at once into your native skies.

It was strange that in all our many literary conversations, I never could succeed in engaging Miss Willan in any discussion on the merits and attractions of Mr. Gerald Aylmer. She seemed not to remember him distinctly, I think, which was very odd, considering it was not so very long since we had both seen him, and he was not a man to be easily forgotten. I spoke of him one day rather suddenly ; so suddenly, that the fair Psyche — being, I suppose, a little startled at my abruptness — blushed very brightly. People blush, it is said, from three causes — shame, anger, and pleasure ; now, there are other causes for a blush too — fear and surprise will often call up a vivid color. I know many who blush when they are startled by being unexpectedly addressed ; they are of a delicate and nervous organization, as was the case with my fairy Psyche ; so, as I said, she blushed a bright crimson when I asked her had she heard anything lately of Mr. Aylmer ; and replied not very distinctly, something which meant, I think, that she had received no information concerning him, except that he was in London, and connected with some magazine recently brought out. I asked her what she had thought of him, and she replied in a few vague embarrassed words. But there was a strange indescribable expression in her eyes as she spoke : a sudden flash first shot out of them, vivid as lightning ; then there shone in that crystal mirror a wild rapt celestial light, so deep and intense, that, looking upon it, you would have dreamed of seeing far down into the depths of infinity. The eyes of little Psyche were, as I said before, very wonderful eyes ; but there were times, such as the present, when they absolutely electrified me by their magical beauty. She was now in full rosy dawn of life, and many-colored and glorious were the dreams of that pure and gentle heart. Not a single flower had yet fallen from the garland on her brow ; not one green leaf had faded ; her lover — did she happen to love at this time — would be, in her imagination, some glowing archangel of the skies, the dazzling whiteness of whose plumes would be unscathed by one stain of mortality ; her spirit would fall

down in worship before him, with all the deep humility of true love ; and he and she would stand apart from the whole world, gazing silently into heaven and eternity. She would behold that ideal which the gifted have tried here below to embody in the perishable materials of mortality — see it in all its living glowing beauty, and deem that its realization was possible upon earth.

I soon parted from Psyche Willan, and did not see her for two years after this time. In the interim, I heard much of Mr. Aylmer, who still remained at his literary pursuits in London. I do not know whether he remembered the naïve but plain little school-girl he had once met as Sarah : it was not probable he did. He had not now many thoughts to spare, for report said he was about to be married to a young and wealthy lady, with whom, I at once concluded, he must be desperately in love. She should be a very lovely and gifted creature, I presumed, to be able to overcome the repugnance any man of delicate and lofty mind — such as Mr. Aylmer of course was — would feel in allying himself with a richly endowed bride, while his own fortunes were poor enough to leave him, in the estimation of worldlings, exposed to degrading imputations. I read the announcement in a London paper : “ On the 20th inst., Gerald, second son of Arthur Aylmer, Esq., of Elmvale, to Lydia Constantia, only daughter of the late Alderman John Hobson, of Bread and Cheese Alley, London.” Yes, Mr. Aylmer was married ; and the vulgar portion of the community stupidly added, that “ he had made a conquest ! ”

Very soon after the happy event, the bride and bridegroom came over to Elmvale ; and, as I resided in the neighborhood of that place, I knew I should have some opportunity of seeing the happy pair. For this I really longed very curiously : she must be so beautiful and accomplished — so different from the commonplace women we grow sick of meeting. Well, I did see her. One day that I had been paying a visit at Aunt King's, a dashing brougham drove up to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer were soon announced. The door opened, and a very handsome plaid-silk walked into the room, accompanied by an unexceptionable Parisian bonnet, black mantilla, and every other necessary fashionable appendage. Among the party came Mr. Aylmer, looking strangely unlike himself, for he had grown fat and coarse — with dismay I say it — and the deep-blue eyes had faded to a sort of gray, and were, moreover, a little dulled in the expression. He was not the same man — not the Mr. Aylmer I had seen some two years ago. After salutations and introduc-

tions, I at length discovered that the plaid-silk, Parisian bonnet, and black mantilla, were actually associated with a countenance, but one which left no sort of impression upon the mind of the beholder. You thought of, or made no more account of it, than of the blank space of air which every day spread before your sight. It seemed to me, at length, that the bride had very pale hair and eyes, with a whitish face and small features; and that if said face were altogether ignored or abstracted from the main figure—that is, the plaid-silk, bonnet, and mantilla—it would not have made the smallest difference in life. This was Mrs. Gerald Aylmer, whilom Miss Hobson, of Bread and Cheese Alley, with £20,000 to her fortune, besides expectations from another rich relative, who had had already two strokes of the dead palsy. Mrs. Aylmer spoke the London patois, and her voice was not sweet: it was a shrill treble. She talked of the *Hoppera* and *Halmack's*, of her 'arp and *pianer*, and proclaimed some of her opinions with regard to the literature of the present age. For instance, she thought *Ecangeline* "a love of a book;" only it was written in *diameters*, which was a very *hodd* sort of verses. She read a great deal. Their library was very select; it cost a high figure, but they could afford it. Her beloved papa had left the bulk of his *him-mense* fortune to her: true, she was an only child, but then many fathers endowed hospitals and such places to the prejudice of their families. She loved literature devotedly, and had proved it—and here she glanced archly at her husband, who, I thought, did not seem quite as easy and delighted as he undoubtedly should be in possession of so charming and accomplished a woman.

I saw him blush and change countenance several times as he tried to turn the conversation to other subjects than those selected by his wife; he seemed positively in pain, and was ungraceful and confused in speech and manner. It seemed to me, from some observations of his, that he had latterly formed new theories of life. He smiled at what he called the romantic dreams of youth, when men imagined the whole human species had a claim upon their philanthropic services—it was a mistake generally made before people became acquainted with the true constitution of the world. I met little Sarah soon after my encounter with Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, and was truly shocked to see the frightful change which had come over the poor girl. What could be the cause of it? She did not complain of illness, and yet the hand of death seemed visibly laid upon her: that sweet face which, two short years ago, had been so fresh and young, was now positively old and haggard; and the beautiful

eyes were glazed and dim. So pinched and worn did she look, that my heart indeed bled and ached to see the ruin before me. The friends of Miss Willan did not seem particularly to mark this change in her appearance. She was a little delicate, they said; she read and thought too much, sat up late, and of course the consequence was that she had lost her good looks. Only one or two members of her family felt any alarm about her—those who loved her most. They consulted doctors for her, who advised "change of air and scene." It was then arranged that Psyche should go on a visit to her aunt's, whither she had been invited; and I, being looked upon as her attached friend, was earnestly requested to accompany her. I did so, and remained with her nearly the whole period of her absence from home, which was about two months.

My poor little Psyche! she was dying apparently by inches; and when asked how she felt, declared her illness really nothing: she was, she acknowledged, a little weak, and had not her old spirit, but why, she could not tell. There was, nevertheless, I was well assured, some vital sorrow eating away that poor young heart—something which the sunlight had never yet seen, and which would continue to live and gnaw away for ever, down to the very centre of life. Ah, yes, yes! I knew it too well—often had I seen the bitter tears of poison and of blood trickling down those hollow and faded cheeks; but alas! poor Psyche! I never could succeed in so winning upon her confidence as to induce her to speak to me freely: she shrank with a sort of terror from all explanation, and I could not bear to probe the wound she tried so carefully to conceal.

Years passed away: and now Psyche Willan was again, apparently, strong and well; the girl had merged into the woman, and the rich promise of mind which she once had given was now amply fulfilled. Psyche could laugh again; she actually now talked often of love, and seemed to understand the whole philosophy of the passion. Heavens! how the girl must have studied the theory—as all women do—for she flatly denied having had any practice in the science. Some of her theories were very beautiful; perhaps they were deep and solemn truths, which had been revealed to her in the inspired moments of suffering and sorrow. I talked to her one day of Mr. Aylmer, but she did not blush as of old; she only looked grave, and a shadow seemed to pass over her face. "He has made a strange marriage," I said. "Who could believe he would descend so low, or would become so utterly degenerate as he has? The woman who might once

have loved Gerald Aylmer, would never surely have dreamed that her idol was made of such common clay: he looked a glorious young fellow, apparently so lofty and generous, so far removed from all the meaner passions."

"Yes," said Psyche, "from my recollection of him, he certainly did so. One would have thought there was but little of alloy amid that pure and glittering gold. The mortal has triumphed for the present over the immortal; but the woman who might perhaps once have loved him, could not feel that this had dissolved the mystic tie which had once united his being to hers—the Gerald Aylmer of Bread and Cheese Alley, the husband of Miss Hobson, would be only the mortal, while the young student of former days, with those deep eyes of inspiration, was the type of that immortal nature, which beyond this earth was destined to attain its perfection; *there*, she who had first loved would again behold him purified from all the grossness of mortal existence, and know him as hers through all the long ages of eternity."

"This is certainly a beautiful idea, my little friend," said I, "and I hope a true one. From whence has it come to you, Psyche?" She colored slightly, and her eye flashed somewhat as of old, but the grave shadow soon came back again over her face.

"I cannot tell," she said; "but it seems to me I can often read great truths by some divine inner light, which is far above all the proof and reason of this world. We feel," she went on thoughtfully, "that for the imperfect creature of mortality there is certainly to be hereafter one made perfect, in a sphere where neither the defects of our earthly organization nor the power of perverting circumstances shall again have any existence. I am an idealist," she continued, "if you will; but every human being nearly is, I believe, more so or less. We are all in pursuit of this ideal, of which faint glimpses sometimes come to us. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician—for what are they striving?—and there is no beautiful work in any art which does not reveal something beyond the merely natural. I know that some great thinkers have declared this to be a fallacy, and that there can be nothing in art higher than the embodiment of simple nature; but in that opinion I cannot agree. Nature contains the elements of divinization, not meant to be fully developed here on earth; and it is the work of the artist to draw out, and incarnate, as it were, this spiritual essence—to make what is in general but a rare and transient manifestation a permanent and palpable existence."

"Yes," I said, "this higher nature only reveals her capabilities at uncertain and

remote intervals; thus most human faces we see would be but poor models for the artist, yet there have been times when I have seen the plainest faces shining with this ideal glory; but after a few moments, perhaps, the mortal nature resumes its sway, and the divinity is no more!"

"Without doubt," said Psyche—"how often have I observed it—of the perfect above us, we are but a dim and cold reflection, like the image of the moon on dark and turbid waters. I do think," said Psyche, "that when we have once found the being who seems to us the completion of our soul, there is a sort of sacrilege—even if the two be forever dissevered on earth—against the great principle within us in ever binding ourselves to another by any human tie: falsehood, or unworthiness, or indifference even, cannot release us from that higher spirit-bond which rules us despite of ourselves. I for one could not violate the sanctity of this obligation—the great law of my being."

"This is wild and extravagant mysticism, Psyche," said I to her—"the merest dreaming, which does very well in early youth; but in advanced life, we would discover it to be a very injurious mistake. It is not unlikely the day would come when we would be inclined to laugh at all such youthful fancies, and if not ending in laughter, it might in tears of repentance." I proceeded to support my opinions on very sensible and utilitarian grounds, but did not succeed in convincing Miss Willan of the wisdom of my doctrine of worldly expediency.

Psyche and I met often in later years. She went on to four, five, six and twenty, still spiritual, still charming, but with the same soft shadow always resting upon her which had so mysteriously subdued her youthful spirit. Her thirtieth birthday arrived, and yet Psyche was not married, though she had had many brilliant and, every one said, suitable offers. It seemed to be understood, at length, that she was never to marry. She was so fond, her friends said, of her books and her poetical dreams, that she was totally unsuited to wedded life. Such was, I believe, the fact. Psyche Willan became an old maid—a little odd she was in the opinion of many people, but in my eyes far more interesting than ever. The last account I heard of Mr. Aylmer and his wife was, that they had six children, for whom they kept a French governess, generally pronounced to be "a most superior person;" that they (Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer) were occasionally heard to bicker in presence of strangers; and that Mr. Aylmer had received a high government appointment, besides being one of the directors of the Great Western Railway.

From *Excelsior*.

THE APOSTLE PAUL IN COMMON LIFE.

We hear much in the present day about religious and secular education ; but, even for the present life, the Bible is the best book after all. No situation in which man can be placed, either collectively or individually, is omitted in its pregnant pages ; for every such situation we may find an example, a promise, or a warning. The famine and the pestilence are there ; the battle and the tempest are there ; the journey by land and the voyage by sea ; the siege and the ambuscade ; the furious mob and the glad assembly ; the shout of victory and the wail of defeat. Every incident in domestic life is there ; the marriage and the funeral ; the joy for a first-born son, and the grief at parting with an aged parent ; the sweets of home-bred affection ; the horrors of fraternal discord ; the mortification of the proud, and the calm enjoyments of the humble.

It is our intention, in the present paper, to select a few incidents in the life of the Apostle Paul, for the purpose of showing his manly and practical common-sense in the business and intercourse of life. We do not mean to expatiate on his apostleship, which he received not from man, nor by the will of man ; nor on those letters on theology and morals, which take their place among the "other Scriptures"—*an inheritance forever* to the Church and mankind, far more precious than all that Greece could boast as entitled to that proud distinction. Nor shall we dwell on any of those orations in the Acts, where he adapts his sentiments and language with such matchless dignity and propriety to the character and circumstances of his hearers. A few transactions and advices, not particularly prominent in his history, but well worth attending to, are the following :

I. There was a sect of philosophers among the ancients well known by the name of Stoics, whose pretensions to wisdom and virtue were of the loftiest character. Their wise man was not only a man, but equal to the gods. They counted virtue the only good, and vice the only evil : outward things they reckoned to be quite indifferent. They spoke loftily concerning oppression ; neither pain nor exile, nor imprisonment nor death, made any impression on them, *neque mors neque vincula terrent*. On one occasion, St. Paul showed that he had no sympathy for such

transcendental apathy. When he wished the highest good for those royal and august personages before whom he was pleading his own and his Master's cause, he said : "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether, such as I am, *except these bonds*."

II. Epaphroditus, one of the Apostle's companions in his travels and preaching of the Gospel, had been dangerously ill, and the knowledge of this had occasioned great sorrow in the hearts of his Christian friends at Philippi. No doubt they were persuaded, that to their pious friend death was but the entrance into life eternal. St. Paul had told them, in this very letter, that to himself to live was Christ, and to die was gain ; yet, still, the universal feeling of human nature is, that when our friends are sick we should like them to recover ; and, accordingly, we find the great Apostle speaks as a plain, every-day man, when he says : "Indeed he was sick, nigh unto death ; but God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow."

III. At Philippi, St. Paul and his companion, Silas, had been shamefully treated, scourged with many stripes, and their feet made fast in the stocks. There, in the inner prison, they sang praises to God ; and God by His mighty power interposed in their behalf, loosed the bands of every prisoner, and made their keeper a trophy of redeeming grace. The magistrates, who had so barbarously misused them, whether from some misgivings as to their own proceedings, or terrified by the transactions of the night, sent a message by their lictors in the morning to let them go. Their new convert, no doubt completely softened in temper by his wondrous change, was delighted to give them tidings of their delivery, and to bid them go in peace. But Christian as he was, the Apostle felt as a man ; he had been unjustly handled, and he would not sneak away like a craven felon. "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison ; and now do they thrust us out privily ! Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." And they did come, and had to own themselves in the power of those whom they had insulted ; they *besought* them and brought them out.

IV. A vexatious persecution, on the part of

the Jews, had subjected the Apostle to much inconvenience, and even to imminent danger of his life, both from popular tumult and from a conspiracy for his assassination; and although not quite in a dungeon or in the stocks, the time-serving and bribe-loving provincial magistrates had kept him a prisoner for more than two years, so that he determined at length to endeavor to obtain justice from the higher powers. We can easily imagine some zealous countryman of his own attempting to dissuade him from this step. Would you sanction by your acknowledgment of his authority the usurpation of the Emperor over the land of our fathers, or plead your cause before a tyrant infamous for every crime, and stained with innocent blood? I find (might the Apostle say,) I find in the Providence of Him who gives the kingdom to whom He will, that this man has power over the Roman world; I inquire not how he got that power, nor with what crimes he is chargeable; I see he actually can control all inferior judges; "I fly from petty tyrants to the throne:" *I appeal unto Cæsar.*

V. We have little idea in our times and in countries professing Christianity, what difficulties beset the hourly path of the first converts from heathenism. Living in cities wholly given to idolatry, surrounded by temples of surpassing beauty, lured on every hand to practise rites well adapted to please the sensual appetites of fallen man; where the ox, as Gibbon says with great glee, at once appeased the gods, and furnished a supper for their joyous votaries, it was no easy matter for the newly enlightened converts to keep themselves unspotted from the world. If they ate things offered to idols, it was equivalent to owning their existence and their

sacredness, and thus denying the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He had sent. We can suppose the weak and the timid telling them their need of the utmost circumspection; that it was their duty to abstain from the appearance of evil, and not to eat a morsel of meat, till they had inquired diligently whether it was in any way connected with an idol. No one knew better than St. Paul, what a precious jewel a tender conscience is: in this he exercised himself "to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and men." But he did not perplex himself with needless scruples, nor did he lay any undue burden on his beloved converts. Even in the licentious Corinth itself, he tells them to go to the public market, eat what is sold there, *asking no questions*, for conscience sake.

It would not be difficult to select, from the sayings and doings of the great Apostle, many more instances of his noble, manly, practical character. No monkishness nor misanthropy is to be found in him. A heart, burning with zeal for the eternal interests of his fellow-creatures, was united with a frankness, and common-sense view of common things, that would have made him a delightful companion, even if he had never travelled beyond his own street or village. The inference we wish to be drawn from this paper, by our readers, and especially by our young friends, is this, that it is as true now as of old, that God's word is the best lamp unto their feet, and the best light unto their path; that its hidden treasures will reward all their search; that it should be read, and read, and read again, till it truly becomes the engrafted word, which is not only able to save their souls, but to teach them to order the affairs of this life with discretion.

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.—During the hallucinations produced by taking the Indian hemp, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gautier related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language—which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author—the sensations produced. He says that his "sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors—green, red, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thun-

der; my own voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making me burst like an explosive shell; more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with an harmonious, silvery sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of an harmonica or the Æolian harp: I swam or floated in an ocean of sound." Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after. — *Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

From The Train.

ILLUMINATION.

BY WILLIAM BROUGH.

"Not going to illuminate! My dear sir, you surprise me. Not going to illuminate upon the 29th! Ridiculous! absurd! Why not?"

"Well, the fact is," replied the friend whom we addressed, "I have been thinking seriously about the matter. You see I could not do anything decent in the way of illumination at my place for less than something like ten pounds. Now, on the articles I deal in, the profit is but a fraction over twopence halfpenny upon each—but for round numbers call it three-pence. Well, then, ten pounds make—let's see—two hundred shillings—four twos are eight—eight hundred three-pences, you see. Now, I have calculated all the probabilities of the case, and I am perfectly convinced that any amount of illumination I could do, would not bring me anything like eight hundred extra customers. So, you see, my dear fellow, it would n't pay."

"Not pay!" we cried somewhat indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me that on an occasion of great public rejoicing such as this, you count the cost of every jet of gas, to reckon on the customers it will bring to your counter?"

"Why what the deuce should we illuminate for, if we did n't?" he replied.

"To welcome the return of peace on earth," we answered; "to show your joy that the horrors of strife and bloodshed are no more—or, to bring it down to your own mercenary standard, at least to express your satisfaction at the prospect of reduced taxation with enlarged facilities of trade—to show"—

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear boy," exclaimed our friend; "of course we're glad to think there's any chance of taxes coming off—though, by-the-by, they don't seem in a hurry to begin repealing them. Of course we're not such fools as not to see that trade has got a better chance in time of peace than it had when all the Russian ports were closed, and half our ships engaged in taking soldiers backwards and forwards. I am as pleased as you can be, to think that we are no longer to be employed in the disagreeable and decidedly unprofitable task of cutting other nations' throats; firing off shells, worth Heaven only knows how much apiece, at fortresses erected at enormous cost; destroying life and property, and having our own lives and property destroyed in turn, as we have been doing lately. But surely all this joy can be expressed without our burning gas enough in one night to

supply our shops and counting-houses for a month, or spending a week's earnings upon allegorical devices that yield no sort of return."

"Then," we replied, "you really mean to say that the illuminations will be nothing more nor less than"—

"Than an effective style of advertising. Decidedly. I've not the least objection to illuminations for my own part—only, as I have already said, in my case it won't pay."

"You must admit, though," we continued, "that you are taking rather a low view of the affair. The occasion was expressly intended as a public demonstration, and to degrade it thus to a mere aggregation of private puffings"—

"Degrade it! not a bit of it!" our friend interrupted us again. "The demonstration, as you call it, will be there all right. Plenty of houses will find it worth their while to illuminate. You might as well speak of our degrading the decorative arts in our shop fronts, because we put in plate glass windows and cover our wood-work with gilt ornaments, not with a view to the improvement of the street we live in, but to draw customers. It does improve the appearance of the street though, all the same; and so, if you want to testify the national delight at the return of Peace by so much gas, what can it matter why the gas is lighted, so that it is there?"

"This may be your view of a popular rejoicing," we replied. "But, for my own part, I should much prefer believing there was some little public spirit—some small degree of sincerity—in these so-called rejoicings."

"Believe it, by all means," he added, "if you like it better. Only just tell me in how many ledgers, balanced up to the 1st of June next, do you think the cost of oil and gas consumed on the night of the 29th, will be entered under the head of 'Trade Expenses?' In fact, where great exactness is observed in classifying the outgoings, I shall be much mistaken if you do not find it charged expressly to the Advertising Account. I may be wrong; but certainly, if I intended to illuminate, I should not think of opening a fresh debtor and creditor account to Patriotism for the occasion. Good morning."

And he left us, smiling at what he thought our simplicity.

Could there be any truth in what our friend had said? The conversation we have reported took place a full fortnight or more before the much-looked-for 29th, and even at the present time of writing, some days must still elapse before we can decide from

actual observation what the Illuminations will be like. (Printers insist on having "copy" for the "Train" so early in the month.) But our friend's words keep haunting us, "The Illuminations will be neither more nor less than an effective style of advertising!" We won't believe it. Would that we were possessed of the faculty of clairvoyance—or that the "Train" could wait a week or so for us to see what the illuminations really are. As yet we have not even seen the preparations that are being made for them.

Yes, by-the-bye, we have, at one place. It is a gas-fitter's. We pass it nearly every day. There for some days have been seen gigantic letters formed in gas-jets, flaring away, in the broad daylight as well as when the shades of evening have closed in. There have we daily seen a troop of workmen in their shirt-sleeves and paper-caps, now screwing, now unscrewing, the elaborate contrivance; now taking up the pavement to bring up large mains to supply the gas required; now lighting it; now turning it off again; now taking the whole apparatus to pieces; now fixing it all up again—and all done in the open street to an admiring audience of little boys and idle passers-by (ourselves amongst the number). But then we know a work of this extent requires frequently to be tried to see that all acts well before it is put up in its final destination, wherever that may be. In our ignorance of the gas-fitting business how dare we even hint that the same thing does not require trying *quite* so many times; and never having crossed the threshold of that gas-fitter, how can we possibly suppose he has accommodation for these oft-repeated trials in his own workshops—and is not absolutely forced (poor man!) to make them in the public street, where little boys flock round admiring, and passers-by stand still to wonder what establishment that splendid device can be intended for? We will *not* allow the doubt that rises in our thoughts, suggested by our scoffing friend's remarks—whether it is not possible that these many "trials," these constant lightings and extinguishings, these fixings-up and pullings-down, may be intended as a hint to the spectators, insinuating to them, "if you mean to illuminate, look here. This is the style in which we get things up. This is the sort of orders we have got to execute!"

And who will be the great Illuminators on the 29th? No doubt the innkeepers and publicans will make a dazzling show. Ever foremost to join in any popular manifestation, hanging out the largest flags when any public festival is going on—when royal visitors are passing, or when heirs are born

to any friendly throne; when Easter Monday calls its thousands to Greenwich, or when the Derby-Day calls them to Epsom; whatever raises popular excitement, at once calls up the outward signs, at least, of similar excitement, in the publican. Who shall say that he does not share the feelings of the multitude more readily perhaps than any other man? And who can doubt that those brilliantly-lighted houses, from whose plate-glass windows, even in ordinary times, a flood of radiance streams out on the pavement, showing the houseless wanderer where he may find shelter, warmth, and light, will, on the 29th of May, be most conspicuous amongst the establishments which rejoice that we have Peace? Crowns, anchors, stars, sceptres, and other signs—signs alike of Majesty and of the public-houses—will blend artistically with the olive-branch. And if the light from the rejoicing gas-pipes *should* by chance illuminate the placards of "Try our Old Tom," &c., in the windows—if the brilliancy of the effect *should* cause the passer-by to stop, and afterwards to enter—

But no, we are getting into the old shop-keeping strain again. What business had that friend of ours to suggest such thoughts?

We wonder how the two "branches" of the great tailoring and out-fitting establishment in the Minories and in New Oxford Street will look on the night of Thursday, May the 29th? Superb, we feel convinced. Dazzling, indeed, will be the brilliancy with which Messrs. Moses and Son will symbolize their joy at Peace restored—and Paletôts cheaper than ever!

Dr. de Jongh's "Light Brown," and the opposition party's "Pale" Cod Liver Oil will rival one another in their demonstrations of delight and in the number of their gas-burners; unless, indeed, upon the "nothing like leather" principle they prefer to illuminate their establishments with oil!

Professor Anderson, we presume, will have his electric light displayed from the summit of the Standard Theatre, with probably a transparency below showing a portrait of the Wizard and an illuminated playbill.

Mary Wedlake will probably display some allegorical device denoting that now the Eastern question may be looked upon as settled, the only question worth considering is, "Do you bruise your oats?"

But why go on thus guessing what the different features of the grand rejoicing on the 29th will be? Before this paper can be in the reader's hands, all will be over. The Illuminations in honor of the Peace will be a matter of the past. Everybody will have had the opportunity of judging it for themselves. Of what use, therefore, pointing

out the probable points of great attraction in which we may be wholly wrong, but in which we have been guided solely by a recollection of the names we meet most commonly in the advertising columns of our newspapers, and see displayed in the largest type in posting bills upon our walls?

Is it then true what that never-to-be-forgotten friend of ours said about illumination? Certainly not. We *won't* believe it. What did the fellow mean by putting such ideas into our head? What though it should by chance happen that the persons whose names we have mentioned (in no unfriendly spirit) should make the best display on the occasion? We have no right to judge what motives led them to it. We are to have a

General Illumination. Surely, surely, those who pay for the gas have every right to turn it to the best account they can.

There, we are wandering into the old profit-and-loss ground again. It's all the fault of that same friend of ours. We have no sort of wish to underrate in any way the sincerity of the rejoicings on the 29th, and yet, spite of ourselves, we cannot help remembering from all past experience of similar occasions that the greatest Illuminators have generally been found to be the greatest advertisers also.

What, then? Possibly a device in gas-jets over our own publisher's, calling attention to "The Train," might not be altogether thrown away!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.—Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their private acquaintances, they thus afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost, and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often, with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will, in any case of doubt or danger, intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those that would make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourselves and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labor to create for yourselves a sound and just medical reputation, and that reputation will create for you patients. — *Simpson's Physicians and Physic.*

SCENE, THE TEMPLE GARDENS.—*Jones and Brown discovered reading each his favorite morning paper.*

Jones (reading aside).—"Death of the Duke of Whitechapel." By Jove!

Brown (reads).—"His Grace the Duke of Whitechapel has been pronounced out of danger." Well, I'm glad of that.

Jones.—"The author of the crime that has

thrown all Tiddleywink into such consternation has paid the penalty of his misdeeds." I'm delighted to hear it.

Brown.—"The Tiddleywink Tragedy. The miscreant Slogginns has put the crowning blow to his sanguinary crimes." Why, I should think he'd done that already, in murdering the poor old mangle-woman for the sake of two and three-pence.

Jones.—"The ruffian Slogginns had retreated to a cow-house. The intrepid constable, Bopps, who discovered his hiding-place, attacked him single-handed: a terrific struggle ensued. The murderer was armed with a long knife (doubtless his accomplice in many crimes), with which he wounded the officer in many places. Bopps defended himself with his truncheon. An unlucky (or lucky, as the reader may think fit) blow on the temple laid the monster senseless on the earth. When removed to a neighboring tavern, the vital spark was extinct. An inquest was called, and, of course, a verdict of justifiable homicide returned." Bravo, Bopps, say I!

Brown.—"The monster in human form had sought refuge in a cow-shed, where the unfortunate officer was so imprudent as to follow him without assistance. A struggle ensued between them, the result of which unhappily proved to be the death of the policeman, who fell stabbed in a dozen places by the knife of the miscreant. The officer Bopps was a young man of excellent character. He leaves a wife and four children to deplore his loss." Upon my soul, this is really very shocking. Poor things. Ha! *Jones, Jones, how are you? Ready to exchange?*

Jones.—All right. (*They change newspapers according to their invariable custom.*)

Brown.—Holloa! It seems it's the policeman who killed the murderer. By Jove, I'm glad of that; I'm deuced glad.

Jones.—God bless my soul! It's the policeman that was killed by the murderer! Dear, dear! what an awful thing to be sure.

Brown.—Whew! The old Duke's dead.

Jones.—Come, the Duke's out of danger. Well, I'm glad of that, for I like the man's character. (*Left reading.*)—*Train.*

From The United Service Magazine.

THE RENEGADE SOLDIERS OF TURKEY.

THE renegade soldier comes unwelcomed in the midst of us, and he sits down with a swaggering air, his sabre clanking upon the floor. He is about forty-eight years of age, a worthless, faint-hearted braggart, a sensualist, and a knave. In person, he is a long, awkward, bony fellow, with a slouching gait, a stoop, and a defiant sideward stride as he walks. A huge pair of shaggy moustaches sweep insolently over his thick bloated lips. Ragged yellow teeth straggle about his mouth, and one tooth projects like the tusk of a boar. His hair is of the pale lifeless brown which never grows gray. His complexion is shining and scaly. His smooth bare skin does not show a wrinkle furrowed by grief or thought. His eyes are of that dull, cold, dangerous blue which often characterises those of persons who commit singular and unaccountable crimes. His eyebrows and eyelashes are scarcely perceptible. On the whole, his appearance is that of one conscious of having affronted the respectable portion of mankind. It is that of a vain scoundrel who blusters uneasily over his ignominy.

I try painfully to discover the bright side of his immense disgrace. I endeavor to remember old stories of Spanish cavaliers led captive by the corsairs of Barbary. I recall sad tales of many Christian men who, having had only a terrible choice between the bowstring and the turban, chose the latter; groaning in spirit as they did so. But to die for the faith is the resplendent virtue of saints and martyrs: it is a glory to which weaker souls cannot attain. I have at first a longing desire to learn the history of his fearful fall, knowing how some have cast themselves away to follow the grim phantoms of ambition; some for love, some for the sake of a fierce, ungodly vengeance. Such were the chief viziers and captains of Suleiman and of Selim; the admiral Barbarossa; the conqueror of Cyprus; the first Christian prince of Russia; and that stern melancholy Count Julian who wiped away his daughter's shame with the blood of false Don Roderic, and with the tears of a race.

The fellow who has intruded upon us, however, has nothing about him which can fairly claim our interest. Like most modern renegades he is a German adventurer of doubtful antecedents. Like all with whom I have ever become acquainted, he has perjured himself for the most contemptible objects. There is neither dignity nor romance about the matter. The narrative of his apostasy, plainly told, is as vulgar and disagreeable a story as that of any other disreputable affair. An idle, good-for-nothing

lad, he left Heidelberg with no other accomplishment than that of being able to drink forty glasses of beer during the day. In pursuit of what he called a career, he went away from his native duchy and entered the Austrian army. For the same reason, he quitted it to join one of the revolutions which so idly disturbed Europe in 1848, becoming a rebel and a traitor without a single excuse of patriotism or generous sympathy with the cause he rashly espoused. He was shortly afterwards obliged to fly for his life. He had endeavored to found his private fortune on the ruins of the throne he had sworn to uphold; and it was but the natural consequence that he should pay the penalty of such conduct when the prince he had betrayed was triumphant.

He sought refuge in Turkey, that country which has been so long and honorably distinguished as a sanctuary for fugitives of all grades and characters, from Charles the Twelfth to Kossuth and Guyon. But his old restlessness still clung to him. He could not endure small fortunes with the fostering equanimity which usually gives them the best chance of growing greater. He resembled one who should frequently transplant an acorn that it might sooner become an oak. He was angry that it did not shoot up in a night as did the prophet's gourd. He could never be brought to understand his actual position. He was always mentally taking his stand on heights yet unwon, puffing himself out with honors unearned, and living in a fool's paradise of his own imagination. He was too giddy and too arrogant to comprehend that the estimation in which people are held by the world depends generally on their manifest power of serving it; and he was offended at slights that were merely the consequence of his own real insignificance. This, to a noble mind, would have been an incentive to exertion, but it sank him in abject despair. Then he missed the excitements of his former life in a land whose people have a peculiarly happy genius for amusement. The excellent music, the gay balls, the perpetual holiday of the Austrian cities, were exchanged for a lonely wade through the streets of Pera, and a dirty dinner among a tribe of yelling snobs in a dismal back room of a low hotel. He grew hypochondriacal in this Slough of Despond, and he might have ended as braver and better men have ended, but that a gleam of hope came to him with the news that the chivalry of the West were mustering for a mighty war.

He asked at once for employment. He might as well have asked for the moon. Having been made a colonel by the insurgents to whom he had deserted from the

Austrian service, he refused to join the Turkish forces as a volunteer and wait upon events. He insisted on being placed at the head of a division, or of a regiment of cavalry smartly equipped, and was of course sent about his business. For some time afterwards he might have been seen haunting the precincts of the great foreign embassies. Personalities retard the course of truth, they make it enemies too many and too fierce. I therefore distinctly disclaim any allusion to individuals in stating, that the representatives of the principal European sovereigns at Constantinople exercise the same pernicious influence as that which was used by the French embassy at the court of Charles II. and of James II. in England, or by the Russian embassy accredited to Augustus III. and to the last diet which preserved a shadow of Freedom in Poland. There is, however, one important difference; the same premium is offered for subservency to rivals and to strangers; power can be only won by treason, but the acts of diplomatists at Constantinople are completely irresponsible and uncontrolled. Their effect is felt rather than seen, and they are often ostentatiously disavowed. It is not therefore the imperial hand of a Lewis or of a Catherine, which raises to a disgraceful elevation, or which sinks into honorable ruin, the Osborns and Sidneys, the Czartoryskis and Malakowskys of Turkey. It is a Barillon or a Bonrepaux, a Tatischeff or a Repuin; and the reasons which guide them are proportionably smaller.

The chief patronage of the Turkish Government has been for many years virtually in the hands of aliens, and all who desire to obtain any considerable post in the service of the Porte, first try to secure the protection of some one among their excellencies. A refugee, however, was extremely unlikely to obtain the friendship of a great diplomatist unless he were also a consummate toady, and had cunning enough to worm himself into a position where he might turn to account gifts which are fortunately rare. An accomplished sycophant also requires qualities of no common order, a serene temper, complete self-denial, keen discernment, quick parts, absolute secrecy. He must be able to offer income to folly without a smile, and to praise error without a blush. He must be never in the way, and never out of the way. He must know with instinctive and delicate tact how to soothe the sharp smart of a vanity he has labored to disease. He must be callous to the scorn even of the master whom he serves, and seem proud of his own debasement. His career is one in which few succeed; for the revolt of a moment may bring to naught the fruit of years

of anxiety and servitude. Many, therefore, who are not deterred by the dirtiness of that road to fortune, yet happily soon stumble and fall down in it.

After wasting months in attendance at the embassies, after having covered several quires of excellent paper with servile supplications and petitions laboriously copied and re-copied, sealed with care and nicety, anxiously delivered, and destined to be left unread, he was obliged to acknowledge that he had humiliated himself, truckled to subordinates, and fed dragomans, in vain. So, partly in impatience and disgust; partly in spite and bravado; partly with the absurd expectations of rising to high place; partly with the desire of marrying as many wives as he pleased and having a harem; partly with silly fancies of oriental splendor and mystery, he pretended to become a Mussulman and sank into contempt forever.

The form of adopting Islamism is curt and simple. A dervish was summoned, and in his presence the apostate professed his belief in the unity of Allah, and in the prophecies of Mohammed. Shortly afterwards he went to bed in great pain, and remained there about ten days. On his recovery he travestied himself in a straight-breasted coat, baggy trousers, two pairs of shoes, and a red cap; the distinctive marks by which are recognized all Turks who do not attempt to disown their nationality. Thenceforth he was called Achmet; he carried his hands folded over his stomach, and roguishly believed that the metamorphosis was complete. The infamous transaction thus concluded was prompted by no single motive which would have had a single moment's influence over any man of common prudence, and the newly-made Mohammedan was not long in finding out the irretrievable nature of his mistake. He soon perceived his conduct was not only sacrilegious and horrible, but that it was also considered as ridiculous or insane; and that all who did not shudder sneered at him.

To make these observations understood, it is necessary to explain that the Turks look with strong suspicion upon renegades. It must not, however, be thence inferred that their faith in the Koran is wavering. It is earnest and lively as ever. It is perhaps strongest among those who are most highly educated; among the shrewd, taciturn envoys, who have resided in the politest capitals of the world; and among the sharp-witted adventurers who have been sent to study at Vienna and at Paris. The impetuous valor of the Osmanli warriors, who fought with Omer Pasha on the Danube, and who humbled the Russian arms at Batoum, was still inflamed by the belief that

if stricken down in battle they should be transported to paradise, and awake amidst the houriis. The war-cry, once terrible from the sands of Arabia to the gardens of Touraine, "La Illah ilahab," still echoed from lip to lip among their advancing hosts in the Crimea; and those who have closed the eyes of the fallen, have assured me that their piety was solemn and sincere to the last. The time is over when they cared for proslaytes, and offered the stern alternative of the Koran or the sword to vanquished nations. They seem to have made up their minds to the gradual extinction of their race and religion with a mournful conviction, that it has been pre-ordained and cannot be averted. But their zeal is as warm as when the light horsemen of Bayazid broke the Christian ranks at Nicopolis, or when the fanatic followers of his grandson desecrated the altars of St. Sophia, and turned the noblest of Greek churches into a mosque.

If a renegade can persuade them that he is a true convert, it is well for him. If he is submissive and obsequious to the priesthood; if he is punctual in his devotions, rigid in keeping fast and in the observance of all the ordinances of the prophet, he may speedily acquire the wealth of a prince, and live in the odor of sanctity. But he is narrowly watched, and as soon as it is observed that his conversion is only a ghastly trick to push himself into their houses and employments, they deride and despise him.

They are not content with passively neglecting him; they make him feel their scorn and loathing on every possible occasion. His children may come to honor, but he never does so.

The unscrupulous man, therefore, failed with the Turks as he had previously failed with the embassies, and from causes very similar. It is seldom, indeed, that a rogue has sufficient clearness and coherency in his ideas to make his rogueries really useful to him. Sound sense and foresight, precise notions even of his own interest, would make an honest man of him. It is in these advantages therefore that he is nearly always deficient; and he usually pays a ruinous price for his whistle, only to see it disdainfully wrenched away from him. It was in vain that he shuffled down in his double shoes and large trousers to the Seraskier. Instead of being received with the respect which is everywhere paid to the hat, he found himself now looked upon as a sort of masquerader, fair game for the gibes of coffee-boys and pipe-bearers. The talisman of bucksheesh, however, at length gained him admission to the Turkish Commander-in-Chief. That functionary, who had laboriously worked his own way upwards from the

position of a common soldier to one of the highest dignities in the empire, was by no means disposed to look favorably on one who endeavored to take a short cut to success in life. When he saw, therefore, a lank, gawky apparition speaking a strange guttural language and calling himself Achmet, he considered the creature partly in a philosophical point of view, and partly as a zoological curiosity. He kept the counterfeit Mussulman standing at a respectful distance, and waited with an inquisitive look to learn what on earth the mad infidel could want with him. When made aware that his visitor came in cold blood to ask for a command which was just then the great object of contention among the allies; and this as the immediate reward of an act for which the bowstring would have been a mild punishment—the Seraskier motioned for a fresh pipe, and slightly raised his eyebrows.

Greatly confounded by a reception so cool, Achmet now declared that he was a rough, plain-spoken soldier, and then proceeded to pronounce an obstreperous and patronizing eulogium on the Turks. In presence of one of the proudest men throughout the land, he alluded to them as though they had been an inferior race, among whom he would be willing to introduce the blessings of civilization. He asserted his intention to make his fortune among them, and to lead them to victory wherever it was possible for so rude a horde to vanquish. The Seraskier told him he was perfectly at liberty to do so. There was no possibility of giving him a regiment; but Patti-Pasha was about to be sent shortly with reinforcements to the seat of war, and to that general he had better apply. Perhaps—here there was a quaint look about the Seraskier's eyes—he might obtain a staff appointment. Patti-Pasha was an Irishman, who had jumped up to his present position by means of the extremely large calves of his legs. When he ascertained, however, that a rebel and a renegade proposed to dine at his table and ride by his side for the purpose of giving him instruction in the art of war, his elaborate whiskers positively uncurled with indignation. The interview took place in a delightful house on the Bosphorus which had formerly belonged to one of the Russian secretaries, and which had just been assigned as a residence to Patti-Pasha. The general glanced round at the many evidences of his importance that it contained, and his ire swelled within him. "Be aff, air," he cried with menacing motion; and it was well for Achmet that he obeyed the order with promptitude, or his exit might have been hastened by one of the muscular legs which had conducted the Hibernian gentleman to eminence.

From Patti-Pasha he went to Robbah-Pasha, from Robbah-Pasha to Vili-Pasha, and thence to Mustapha-Pasha, a grand old Paynim of the best school. None of them would have anything to do with him. At length, when reduced to the deepest degradation and necessity, he heard that one of his former subalterns had just received a commission of some importance. They had been companions in exile, and fortune had at last smiled on one her frown could never humble. So the renegade applied to his old comrade, and with tears entreated compassion. The next day, he announced himself as a colonel on the staff of General Schnitzel, commonly styled Pilau-Effendi among the Turks, in consequence of a marked partiality for their national dish.

He was now nominally employed, and received a salary of about sixteen pounds a month—when he could get it, which was not often; but he never could obtain from the Porte an official firman recognizing him as a Turkish officer. It was with a pang of no common bitterness, that he saw men who had been his subordinates, pass by him to wealth and authority, while he was defrauded of the wages for which he had abjured his God. Envy ate into his mind like a canker. He felt himself a miserable dupe, and none would listen to his complaints, or sympathize with his resentment. Even the easy Germans, the swaggering Hungarians, and the jaunty Britons, who covered such very strange antecedents with such very gay uniforms, shrank from contact with him. Men who had no property but their swords and their hands, who had neither the pride of worth nor the pride of birth, would by no means associate with him. No mere scapegrace could feel good fellowship with a criminal so wicked and shameless. He was too bad even for the wide toleration of such as they.

One of the modern highways to success in Turkey is marriage, and he tried it. After many difficulties, he procured a wife who had six husbands all living. Her last spouse had dismissed her with a considerable dower after one month's trial, and had immediately afterwards absconded, greatly scared, for Egypt. On inspection, she proved to be a light gingerbread-colored lady, with a flaccid, shrivelled skin, and hard, moist fingers, stained permanently brown with henna. Her eyes were smeared with a black powder made into paste by the friction of her eyelids. She had a blowy, waddling body, and her limbs were small and surprisingly distorted. When this precious pair immedi-

ately fell out, as of course they did, he was anxious to take example by his predecessors, and avail himself of the Moslem facility for divorce; but Fatma-Hanum soon made him glad to abandon so forlorn a hope. She went about among the pashas' harems, to the lazy inmates of which her varied experience and highly-seasoned conversation made her very welcome, and she abused her giaour mate with scoffing acrimony and length of wind. She averred that he had exhibited her, unveiled, to unbelievers, and had seated her at meat in the midst of them; likewise that he was a magician and had dealings with evil spirits. She assured her eager listeners that he had made a compact with them never to go to the bath, lest they should be drowned while in attendance on him. This story received strong confirmation also from the bath-keepers in the neighborhood, all of whom admitted that they had never seen him. So Ahmet led the life of the most unlucky of dogs, and he would probably have lost even his shadowy colonelcy and his miserable pittance, if he had not become reconciled with his termagant helpmate and submitted evermore to her rule and domination.

There only remained one way now by which he might still contrive to feast sometimes on the fat of the land after which he hungered. He employed all his address to please a wealthy bey, and became a sort of hanger-on of his household. He served this rich Turk in a capacity for which the Germans have a most expressive term. It is *augendiener*, or eye-server. He watched every look of his patron, fetched and carried gossip for him, read the European papers to him, and thus earned a cross-legged seat at his dinner-tray, a cup of coffee now and then, and a whiff at a pipe. A parasite, however, may always pick up the crumbs from somebody's table at such a price as this. He had been cheated when he gave his soul for them.

All this, and much more, he tells us with abominable levity as we look out over that magnificent prospect of Europe and Asia, with the sunlit Bosphorus between, which may be seen from the coffee-house on the hillside near the great field of the dead. It is most horrible to hear him talk so irreverently of sacred things; but he has a wild panic in his eyes, even while he is vaunting. He seems to implore some word of comfort which may strengthen his anguished spirit, lest he go out and hang himself, or fall down smote with sudden death.

From The New York Daily Times, 8 July.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

THE ARCTIC GOING ON A SOUNDING EXPEDITION.

THE steam propeller Arctic—the little vessel of 250 tons which has already made for herself a fine reputation by her behavior under Capt. Hartstein on the Kane Arctic search—leaves her berth at the Navy Yard in about a week, starting on a trip down East. Her errand is to take soundings preparatory to laying the Sub-Marine Cable from Newfoundland to Valencia Bay, on the Western Coast of Ireland. Lieut. Berryman has command of her—and no better man could be had for the purpose—since it was he who three years ago took the brig Dolphin over the same route, and obtained the soundings which made the world familiar with the fact that between those two points there stretches in that latitude a plateau of sand and shell surface, comparatively shoal and remarkably level. In the brig they found an average depth of 2,200 fathoms, but it is thought that from the deck of a steamer, which is so much more entirely under control, they will be able to show that this average depth is too much by one-third for the truth. It is proper to add, that six years ago, Lieut. Walshe, in the Taney, went over this same remarkable shoal, and brought home much interesting information concerning its physical geography. The present expedition is fitted out by the United States Government, at the solicitation of Mr. Dobbin of the Navy; Lieut. Maury, of the Washington Observatory; and Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey. The results are expected to be of special service to the Newfoundland, New York and London Telegraph Company,—this Company (the people will recognize it as the Association in which Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, &c., are interested) having the monopoly of all ocean telegraphing over that route for nearly 50 years to come. And no question, if a telegraph links the two lands together, this must be the spot of its location. It is the shortest highway, being but 1,640 geographical miles from point to point. It is, as we have said, comparatively very shoal, the ocean, both north and south of it, being very much deeper. Neither icebergs nor currents disturb the bottom, for shells are found across its whole width which bear marks of having lain there undisturbed for years. Nature seems to have had this international telegraph in her eye when the ocean-bed was hollowed, and graded the very path for it here.

The officers of the Arctic for this expedition are as follows:

Lieut. A. H. Berryman,	Commander.
Lieut. J. G. Strain,	Lieutenant.
J. G. Mitchell,	Acting Master.
C. F. Thomas,	Passed Midshipman.
John S. Barnes,	Midshipman.
H. Newell,	First Assistant Engineer.
L. Williams,	Third Assistant Engineer.
Adolph Von Burch,	Draughtsman.

And hands enough to make the full complement of 45 persons.

She is fully equipped with provisions for 90 days and coal for 30,—expecting to recruit with coal at Newfoundland whenever it is necessary. Of mathematical and other instruments, books, &c., she has, of course, an abundant supply. She has been newly painted and put in perfect order. It was intended to leave some days since, but she has been detained waiting for the completion of a steam reel, now constructing for her, and 10,000 fathoms of line, manufacturing at Boston for her use.

They first steer for the north of Newfoundland. A place will be selected for the start, where the water is so deep that the anchors of fishing vessels will not be likely to interfere with the deposited cable. The character of the plateau is so well known that soundings will be taken only at intervals of thirty miles over the route. To make the soundings, different weights are employed—sometimes leads of 150 pounds each, sometimes shot of 68 pounds. These are never drawn up again. The shot is slung in a socket, which is attached to the line by hooks in such a way that the moment the shot strikes the bottom it is unshipped, and the line left clear. To haul it up would be impossible. But through the centre of the shot there passes a tube, in which are fixed several quills. These gather up from the bottom specimens of mud, sand, shell, and so forth, and being brought up with the line unerringly indicate the character of the sounding. Marks upon the line and cheeks show at a moment the depth to which the weight has descended. Observations upon the currents, the winds, &c., will not be omitted.

If the survey furnishes results as satisfactory as they now anticipate, the work of laying the cable will be commenced immediately on its conclusion. To do this, two steamers will be employed. Both will push to the middle line between the two coasts, each having half the cable on board, and from that line sail either way for the shore, paying out the cable as they run. Communication with each other will be kept up meanwhile by the cable and galvanic batteries, so that at a moment's notice a halt can be effected and the course of either retraced.

It is thought that, by this division of labor and this halving of the time required in doing it, failure will be out of the question. From ten to fifteen days would, under favorable circumstances, suffice to lay the cable in this way.

But how large, or rather how small, a cable must it be that a steamer can take 840 geographical miles of it on board? The cable that they will probably select, out of 150 that have been offered them, is not larger than a child's wrist,—say $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. It has one wire (made of 5 strands of copper wire) which is insulated by a covering of gutta percha. Outside of this 4 wires are placed, and around them a gutta percha covering. Outside of that, strong steel wires are wound, and, external to it, a hemp cord is twisted. A thick coating of asphaltum protects the whole. What the price is, and what the charge for telegraphing is to be, neither we nor the rest of mankind are informed.

This same Company commenced laying a wire, 75 miles long, on the 2d of July, and were to have finished the job on the 7th inst., between Cape Ray and Cape Breton. This, if successful, will bring Liverpool two days nearer to New York than it is at present. The cable is the same as that just described.

Submarine cables are getting to be quite common. The first one was laid from Dover to Calais three years ago. It is 22 miles in length, and connects the shores of France and England.

Another crosses 50 miles from Ipswich to the Hague. Three cables cross the Irish Sea; one from Hollyhead to Dublin, which is 69 miles. There is one crosses from Spezia in Italy, to Corsica, about 100 miles in length. Another from Corsica crosses the Straits of Bonifacio to Sardinia. Another from Varna (Austria,) crosses the Black Sea to Balaklava, which was of great service in fetching the Western world the quickest news from the seat of the late war. This cable is no larger than a pipe-stem, and consists of a simple conductor insulated with gutta percha. These are the only complete submarine telegraphic cables. One, however, is now being laid from Sardinia to Tunis; another is contemplated from Sardinia to Malta; another from Malta to Corfu, and one from Malta to Alexandria in Egypt. Others of less importance are talked of. This one between America and Europe, if completed, will be the triton among the minnows, the giant of telegraphs among the pigmies that are now in existence.

AN ALPINE SLIP. — When we were crossing a narrow ridge of ice between the crevasses, one of our party, who happened to be second in the line, suddenly disappeared in the crevasses to our right. As Hudson was first, he had for the moment more than his proper share of the weight to support; but quickly recovering himself, he quickly disengaged his head and shoulders from the strap to which the rope was attached, and gazed down into the azure vault. The third in our line instantly drew the rope tight, and dropped with one knee on the snow. The jerk dragged his hand eight or ten inches through the soft surface, but receiving without delay the ready support of those behind, and finding that Hudson relieved him of half the tension, he easily kept his position. In the mean time we were in some anxiety, for although we felt his weight, we knew not whether some injury might not have been sustained in the fall. For a second or two, we listened breathlessly to the sounds of the falling axe as it rebounded from side to side. But there was no cause for anxiety. The rope was tough, and those above knew they could extricate a single individual. Our friend, perfectly calm and collected, desired us to lower him a couple of feet, that he might obtain standing-room on a ledge of ice. While we were on the point of complying with his request, he changed his tactics, and told us to raise him about a yard;

this accomplished, he was enabled to rest his feet on a projecting block of ice, and lean his back against the opposite side. A hatchet was then handed to him, in lieu of that which he lost in the fall; and putting his feet into the steps which he cut, he was enabled with the help of our trusty rope to regain the surface in safety. — *Ascent of Mont Blanc without Guides.*

THE PARISIAN. — The Parisian does not love Paris, but he cannot exist elsewhere.

The fish thinks it no enjoyment to be in the water, but he dies when taken out of it.

The Parisian often abuses Paris, but he never leaves it for long together.

Two Parisians will meet — say in Dieppe — as two Frenchmen would meet in Siberia.

Nevertheless, they will not weary themselves with echoing their regretful yearnings after Paris; they know they will soon return to it. On the contrary, they will admire everything you wish them to. They will congratulate you on the joys of your country life, which they envy deeply, and go about their business immediately.

The Parisian travels as a man dives, more or less according to his breath; but that breath only varies from half a minute to two minutes and a half — never exceeding the latter. — *Alphonse Karr.*

From The Economist (Ministerial) 23 June.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE general impression prevalent in this country as to the present position of this question is, that the American Government has empowered Mr. Dallas to settle it promptly and amicably with this Government by direct negotiation if he can, and if he cannot, to refer it to the arbitration of some impartial third party. It is understood that on the receipt in this country of the information that Mr. Crampton and the three impugned Consuls had been dismissed from the United States, Mr. Dallas himself expressly favored the idea that he was invested with full authority to arrange the other matters in dispute, and that his Government were animated by the sincerest desire to bring that dispute to a speedy and friendly termination. It was supposed also, and we doubt not with good reason, that a belief in this pacific disposition and in the existence of this plenipotentiary authorization had great weight with Her Majesty's Government in inducing them to acquiesce without retaliation in Mr. Crampton's dismissal, and to continue diplomatic intercourse with a Minister who was alleged to possess such excellent intentions and such ample credentials.

We have repeatedly perused with much care the dispatch from Mr. Marcy to Mr. Dallas containing his instructions as to this thorny negotiation, and by him communicated to our Foreign Office; and we regret to say we cannot discover in it either the transmission of the supposed powers or the manifestation of the supposed disposition. It is awfully wordy and involved—so much so at times as to render it very difficult to ascertain the precise meaning and bent of the writer; but wherever we have been able to condense its language into precise significance, it seems to us that, far from consenting to refer the matter in dispute to arbitration, it distinctly refuses to do so; and far from showing a sincere wish to settle the affair by amicable and direct negotiation, it raises issues and puts forth pretensions which go a long way towards rendering a prompt and amicable settlement almost impossible.

At the threshold, Mr. Marcy asks the very pertinent question: "*What is to be submitted to arbitration?*" *Not*, the President positively says, the meaning of the Clayton-Bulwer convention—the decision whether it shall be held to have been retrospective or merely prospective in its operation (which, be it remembered, is the principal item in the controversy). This, he argues, is so clear to his mind that he cannot consent to any act which directly or indirectly indicates the slightest doubt as to the matter. *Nor*,

further, will he for a moment consent to refer to a third party the decision as to the extent of our due rights in virtue of the Mosquito Protectorate (the fact of which is not denied). Rather than take an umpire's opinion—which might possibly be hostile—on such a point, he will prefer to recommend to the Senate the entire abrogation of the treaty. The only points which he is graciously willing to submit to arbitration are the limits of the British Settlement at Belize; the proper extent and boundary of the country known as "the Mosquito Coast;" and the question whether or not Ruatan, &c., belong to the Central American Republic of Honduras. Even these matters, as being purely questions of "political geography," Mr. Pierce would much prefer submitting to a "man of science," rather than to a Sovereign Prince. Such is the real tenor and restriction of the fancied concession.

Mr. Marcy proceeds (in the President's name) to argue at great length that a reference of the proper construction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to an arbitrator would be wholly profitless as well as inadmissible. For, says he, if the referee was to decide in the American sense, the English would have to give up all their possessions, occupancy, and Protectorates in Central America at once. If, on the other hand, anything so inconceivable should happen as that the referee decided in the British sense, the practical result would be precisely the same,—because Great Britain has no *rightful* possessions, occupancy, or Protectorates in Central America at all, and she cannot intend to retain wrongful ones! Such is really in fact and in words—which would be clear enough were they fewer—the main argument of Mr. Marcy. So that, whatever were the decision of a third party, the President and his Government were equally safe, and the position to be assumed by Mr. Dallas in his negotiation with us equally unassailable. In the one case we were to give up everything, because the treaty bound us to do so: in the other case we were to give up everything, because we had nothing to give up!

In pursuing this portion of his argument Mr. Marcy takes three distinct positions. *First*, he contends that to claim for a wandering tribe of Indians under our protection territorial sovereignty over a vast tract of country, is in effect to claim that sovereignty for ourselves,—inasmuch as in all similar cases the civilized race merely uses and acts on behalf and in the name of the savage race;—and he maintains that we have expressly renounced all such pretensions advanced, or supposed to be advanceable, in virtue of our Protectorate. We admit this

fully;—but where was the necessity of arguing it, or where the candor of urging it, when Mr. Marcy knows that the British Government has repeatedly expressed its wish to get rid of the Protectorate of these Indians if the United States will enter into any decent and humane engagements to enable it to do so, and when, moreover, we some years since voluntarily resigned Greytown, believed to form part of the Mosquito territory, to the management and government of the settlers therein.

The second point is as to the Bay Islands. It is clear they are in possession of Great Britain and have been so for many years. It is equally clear that no other State has ever possessed or occupied them, though they lie near the Republic of Honduras, and the United States Government claims them for that undefined country. Now, even if these Islands ever formed part of Central America (which we deny), they are still ours, if our interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention be correct, since we possessed them before that convention was signed;—therefore, contrary to Mr. Marcy's dictum, our position will be materially affected by the decision of the arbitrator upon this interpretation. If the American construction of the disputed treaty be correct, it still remains to be shown that these Islands are *not* (as we maintain they are), "the small islands" expressly excepted from the operation of that treaty, as being "dependencies of Belize." And if the said treaty be abrogated, or had never been made, it is certain we can have no controversy with the United States upon the subject, since, whoever be the rightful proprietors, the Government of Washington have no claim, and no title to interfere in the discussion. But the truth is that the sovereignty of unsettled Islands lying near half-civilized and undefined States, seldom rests upon any wholly unexceptionable basis. Lord Clarendon felt this, and therefore at once and long since consented to refer the question of the ownership of these rocks to the decision of a fair umpire; but of course declined to surrender territory—ours by actual and long occupation and we believe by just right—at the mere dogmatic *sic volo sic jubeo* of a foreign ruler,—who yet feels at heart so doubtful as to the accuracy of his own construction that he dares not submit it to the opinion of an impartial mind.

But it is to the third point of Mr. Marcy's argument that we wish specially to direct attention. He there, for the first time we believe in diplomatic history, raised a question as to our title to Belize itself. Certainly this is a strange peculiarity in instructions supposed to be conciliatory, cordial, and sincerely pacific. Could such a hint of future

dispute have been brought forward, had an amicable and speedy arrangement of our present differences been truly designed? Mr. Marcy's position is that the Bay Islands cannot belong to us as dependencies of Belize, because Belize itself does not. In his view whoever succeeded Spain in her surrendered sovereignty of Belize, we did not. We were, and are, mere wood-cutting settlers there, by virtue of agreements entered into in 1717, 1783, and 1786! The following are his words:—"It cannot have escaped the attention of Her Majesty's Government that the political condition of Belize, as fixed by the treaty, is *not itself one of territorial sovereignty*. Therefore Great Britain never could have acquired, in the right of Belize and the assumed dependencies thereof, the territorial sovereignty of the Bay Islands." We have no doubt that this remarkable passage will have arrested the attention of our Ministers. We shall be glad to be assured that we have misinterpreted it. But, till better advised, we cannot help deeming it to mean and to say: "Concede the Bay Islands and the Mosquito coast now; and as soon as our next domestic crisis shall make a dispute desirable, we shall call upon you to surrender Belize."

It is impossible to examine the excellent maps which have been put out this week by Mr. Wyld and Mr. Stanford (which we have noticed in another portion of our Journal), without serious uneasiness at the vast "crop of unsettled questions" which may and must arise between some people out of the condition of the Central American States. *Scarcely a single boundary line is settled.* The frontier between Belize and Guatemala is entirely vague. Mexico claims a large slice of Guatemala, or at least of an unknown space lying between Guatemala and Belize, called Vera Paz. Honduras claims one part of Mosquitia, and Nicaragua another. Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Mosquitia all claim Greytown. Nicaragua claims an important piece of Costa Rica and Costa Rica performs the same ceremony on New Granada. Besides these various conflicting claims, various proposed compromises appear on the map to add to the mass of confusion and of danger. A really fair and friendly President at Washington, sincerely anxious to come to a settlement and avoid future disputes, might easily complete an understanding with our Government, which has no ambitious views and only desires an honorable adjustment. But when shall we have such a President? Will Mr. Buchanan prove such?

We hope most of our readers have seen a very temperate and able paper which appeared in the *Times* of June 21, and which had ever appearance of proceeding from some

semi-official pen. We add the concluding paragraphs:

"Such is the real state of the Central American question at this moment. If it is asked what interest we have in those rights we defend, and whether it is sufficient to induce us to go to war in support of them, it must frankly be admitted that our only great interest is the preservation of our honor. Belize might be given up without seriously damaging our empire, and the Bay Islands also. In protecting the Indians in Mosquitia we have no interest but that of acting with fidelity and humanity, and vindicating that national character of which we have boasted in every treaty we have made for suppressing the slave trade. But honor, and a character for justice, and a tenacity of its just rights constitute the best property of a nation. They cannot be resigned without degradation, and whether the loss of empire or the loss of anything else degrades a nation, it is a matter of indifference; the nation sinks that is degraded. Moreover, by a constant policy of concession a State nourishes a constant policy of aggression in other States. It would be better to concede at once everything that can be conceded than to concede such things gradually and bit by bit; for such a policy knows no peace. We cannot therefore concede to the United States what they cannot justly demand; and the spirit in which their demands have been made does anything but invite such concession.

"What, then, can we do to end these troublesome disputes one way or the other? To abrogate the treaty of 1850 would not, as some have supposed, diminish—it would only increase our difficulties; for previous to the treaty we had pretensions more extensive and more vehemently disputed by the United States than those which the treaty left us. Our simple and straightforward course is this:—To throw aside all past correspondence and make a friendly proposal to the United States, consistent with all we have hitherto done and stated, but as consistent as we can make it with American interests. To be clear;—we should propose, first, to make the town now called Greytown, at the mouth of the river St. Juan, a free and independent town; secondly, to assign a legitimate extent of territory to the Mosquito Indians, and place them equally under our protection and that of the United States; or, if the manner in which the United States persist in viewing Indians is not compatible with our own, let the United States point out any other mode of duly protecting these Indians which does not grant any exclusive rights or privileges to Great Britain. Thirdly, let us leave the real condition and position of the Bay Islands to arbitrators. Fourthly, let us declare that we do not extend our possessions in British Honduras beyond their limits in 1850, and claim from the United States a recognition of those possessions as they existed in 1850. A proposal of this kind would probably terminate the negotiations. If it did not, the United States must desire a quarrel with us; and we must brave that quarrel, for it would be

equally ignominious and useless to attempt to escape from it."

From The Press (Tory), 23 June.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

It would be strange if in this age of progress in all knowledge conducive to the well-being of man, some advance were not made in the political science which concerns him most of all. The statesman has need, from time to time, to look at the results of experience, and to shape his policy not only by the actual wants of his time, but with reference to principles which, whether springing from social growth, or from discoveries in the art of government, have proved most beneficial cooperation.

We know how our American colonies were governed a hundred years ago. Their highest posts were a refuge for the needy hangers-on or decayed footmen of great noblemen. There was no person so slow or base as might not hope to be appointed an American governor, if he happened to possess a patron in high station. Our colonies were considered as chiefly valuable for the patronage they conferred till Mr. Grenville, in an evil hour for his fame, conceived the idea that they might be made to contribute to the coffers of the State, as well as to the necessities of courtiers and statesmen. His attempt to shear the wolf has taught us some useful lessons. We do not think it wisdom now to rule our colonies as if they were held for the sole benefit of the mother country. We do not want to keep them under; we are not jealous of their prosperity; we do not attempt to derive any other advantage from them than must inevitably arise from the mutual connection. Lord Elgin's administration in North America has shown the perfection of which colonial government is capable. The secret of his success was confidence in the people. He trusted them, and he was trusted by them in turn. Their suspicions and animosities were at once disarmed when they learned that his only aim was to accustom them to govern themselves, and that he was anxious to afford the freest scope to their progress in every possible manner. When the Home Government ceased to be regarded with distrust, it came to be regarded with love. The policy of repression has been tried, and failed; the policy of development has been tried, and has eminently succeeded.

Is it certain that, if we had acted upon this same policy towards the United States, it would not have been attended with the like results? To whatever cause it may be referred, the Governments of the two countries have never been cordially allied since the in-

dependence of the Union was declared. There has been jealousy and perpetual fear of encroachment on one side and the other. Our statesmen have feared that the Union would advance too rapidly, and become too powerful; and statesmen on the other side of the Atlantic have continually fretted under an apprehension that some plot was afoot to curb their power, and to prevent that expansion which they felt as necessary to their position. Our hold of the Canadas was regarded with alarm, not on account of their probable industrial growth, but because it was conceived we retained them solely on account of their military positions, and as a means of invasion at any moment. This jealousy was the more natural and the more excusable, as the policy of the Republic was entirely adverse to the maintenance of a large armed force of any description.

It is time that these misunderstandings should cease — that the United States should distinctly learn that we entertain no jealousy of their growth — that we do not anticipate a contest with them, or wish to prepare for it; but that, on the contrary, we regard their prosperity as our prosperity, and are well assured that they cannot advance in any element of greatness without a corresponding advance on the part of this country.

The nearest approach to such policy on our part was during the last Administration of Sir Robert Peel, when Lord Ashburton was sent to the United States to settle the long-disputed question of the Oregon boundary. No one doubts the wisdom of that treaty now. But what was Lord Palmerston's opinion of it in 1843? He brought forward a distinct motion against it, which was so coldly received by the House that a count-out on the second night of the debate was the result.

The speech of Lord Palmerston was more remarkable than his motion. The latter might be regarded as a party move, but in the former he expressed his real sentiments. He treated the United States as the natural enemy of this country, and viewed the whole question at issue, not as matter for friendly arrangement, but as ground on which a battle should be stoutly fought. Lord Ashburton having the first move, did not make the most of his position. He gave up six or seven points at once, when he should have contested each one of them; and, strangely enough he protested against the fitness of the negotiator, on the ground of his social connection with the United States:

"The noble lord was both a British subject and an American citizen. . . . Were two countries to agree to choose a mediator between them, they might very properly select a person who had an almost equal affection for each, but

when a Government appointed a Minister to fight for them an *adverse* battle with another negotiator, whose feelings were all enlisted on one side, then it was fit to choose some person who had no private connection with the other party."

In this passage we have an indication of the principle by which Lord Palmerston has been constantly guided in his intercourse with the United States. He supposes that the interests of the two countries are necessarily adverse, and while he is fighting his battle, and exciting the alarm of the United States' people, they press forward, and either obtain the country in dispute by colonizing it, or seize upon some territory of more than commensurate advantage. It was shown at the time of this very debate, that on the spot where Sir Howard Douglas (then Governor of New Brunswick) had in 1828 arrested, tried, and imprisoned an American citizen for encroachment, a United States' fortress had been erected to receive a garrison of the State of Maine, Lord Palmerston in the interval having the direction of our foreign affairs, and constantly fighting a battle with the United States' Government.

Exactly the same kind of action is now taking place in Central America. While Lords Palmerston and Clarendon are fighting their battle, a band of States' adventurers have possessed themselves of the Government of Nicaragua. We are rapidly losing the advantages anticipated from the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, while ostentatiously making a display of a powerful armed force to convince our opponents that we mean to fight the battle in earnest.

Of all mischievous acts that the demon of discord could desire, none could be more mischievous than the re-inforcement of our West India fleet in the autumn of last year. Lord Clarendon's own account of this step was, that it was taken "for the protection of British interests against any attack that might be made upon them, and to be prepared for events which they had done nothing to provoke, and which they would still do their utmost to avert." (Papers on Recruiting in the United States, p. 123.) Assuming this explanation to have been correct, how could the measure be viewed otherwise than as a menace to the United States' Government? In that light it was regarded, and it led directly and immediately to a considerable vote for the augmentation of the United States' fleet.

The grounds on which the reinforcement was sent out — as the fitting out of Russian ships in the American ports, and the concoction of "a great conspiracy for promoting insurrection in Ireland." (Lord Clarendon's own words) — were subsequently

shown to have been utterly unfounded. But the mischief of the threat could not be undone. It opened the eyes of the States' Government to the insecurity of its position, and it resolved on the formation of a powerful fleet, that it might be safe from such menaces in future.

From broils of this kind, leading to augmentations of force, we never shall be free, until a different policy is acted on, and the two Governments can feel perfect confidence in each other's amicable intent. When such relations are established, we shall hear no more of the Monroe doctrine. Free from all grounds of disquietude, the people of the United States will regard the apprehension of European hostility as a dream, and will be anxious to draw closer the ties which bind them to the Old World, instead of contemplating their severance.

We demand that our policy towards the United States shall be the same in character as our policy towards British North America; that it shall be friendly and frank; not adverse to the expansion of their power, not perpetually inventing checks and repressions, not fighting battles, even in diplomacy, not struggling to obtain petty and worthless advantages of position, but cordial and conciliatory. Let this policy be acted on for a few years, and the jealousies between the two countries will vanish as they have between this country and the Canadas.

The pacific policy which is their interest is not less ours. A contest between the two countries might darken and desolate the world. England, like the United States, has a great future, though our path of empire lies in a different direction. We may roll back to the East the arts and industry which have partially left it. So vast and so various are our fields for extension, that the mind can conceive no limit to them. It is the province of the statesman to look beyond the present, and in idea to invest his country with immortal life. Not only is there no reason to suppose that England may not, for the next thousand years, be one of the great ruling powers of the world, but there is every reason to suppose that she will be so, should she discard from her policy that narrow notion which led so rapidly to the dissolution of the great empires of the ancient world—that the progress of rival States affords ground for suspicion and challenges hostility.

From The Examiner.

PIEDMONT AND AUSTRIA.

TURIN, June 19th.

I SEE all the papers talking of the magnificence of the baptism of the French Imperial

Prince. I wish him so much prosperity and happiness as may arise from the fact of finding his throne, if he should come to ascend it, founded upon the gratitude and adhesion of a free people. Four days ago I witnessed a much more simple ceremony, also a *fete*, and one in which only men of this gallant and interesting people joined. That day was appointed for the distribution of the military medals to the Sardinian army which had served in the Crimea, and their triumphal entrance into the capital after it. I was fortunate and unfortunate in having arrived to witness it, for every bed and every hotel was occupied. The facilities and cheapness of railroads is such in Piedmont, that the entire provincial population can rush to Turin for one day without inconvenience or expense, and at such time the Sardinian capital bears greater resemblance for its crowds to London or Paris, than to a merely Subalpine realm. That the Piedmontese are fine troops I need not tell you, but I might tell how enthusiastic was the reception by their countrymen, and how every heart beat with pride at the part which they had taken in the war.

The short speech of the King was apposite and spirited. He told the Crimean division that they had augmented the power and exalted the reputation of that part of Italy on which reposed the hopes and predilections of the liberal world. The Austrians may be angry with Cavour and with the King for making these allusions and speaking in this tone. But the truth is, they are under a necessity to do it. The minister holds his power, and the monarch commands the affections of his people, only by responding to the one great national desire.

Yet, however one may regard this general aspiration of the Piedmontese with admiration, the feeling is not unaccompanied by disquiet. It is impossible to look forward to Italy remaining in its present state, or to the Piedmontese being contented with their present power and frontiers, for any lengthened period. Constitutional government, there is no use in blinking the truth, is adored by the Piedmontese less for the freedom and the great boons which it gives, than for the future glory and greatness of which it seems the promise and the symbol. The establishment of the constitution, and the Cavour policy in becoming a party to the war, have necessitated large sacrifices, and brought with them very heavy taxation, paid not by a wealthy population as in England, but by a peasantry and a middle class. But every individual in this population has but one thought, and I can convey to you no idea of its universality and force; *it is hatred to Austria.*

For myself, I must confess that I should desire to see this sentiment, honorable and manly as it is, less violent. Constitutional government in a country placed as Piedmont is, cannot hope very quickly to effect such aggrandizement of the country, and extension of its influence, as may lead to the dominion which is aimed at over Italy; and the Piedmontese, it is to be feared, may imperil the freedom they possess by making their effort too precipitately. The whole country is in one vast and continued fever, so unlike their neighbors and allies of Switzerland, or France, or England. The Swiss are to the full as free; but material interests alone occupy them. As to the French, they have consoled themselves for their loss of freedom by a rage for making fortunes. The Spaniards, when they hastened to Mexico and Peru in the footsteps of their first adventurers, were not bitten by a more furious greed than the French. The thirst to *faire les affaires* has completely obliterated from their minds the desire to *faire de la politique*.

It is precisely the contrary with the Piedmontese, who are still in the age of sentiment, and who for the present will think, and talk, and do, nothing but politics. This, I venture to think, is much to be regretted. It has been the ruin of the Greeks, a people with whom, both in ancient and modern times, the Piedmontese have certain great resemblances of character and position. It is but just to add, however, that the Piedmontese are the superior people; for Greek sentiment is but fanaticism, while that of the Piedmontese is undoubtedly pure and liberal patriotism.

And here let me observe upon the disappointment which some English express at Protestantism having made such small progress in Piedmont since its emancipation. The truth is, the Piedmontese detest polemics. They have not the education or the taste for religious controversy, and their liberals are quite free from fanaticism of any kind. Every age has its dominant idea, and there was an age in Italy when religious creeds and their differences would have been and were everything. They are now nothing. There reigns throughout Piedmont a decided hostility to the Pope, and a determination to put down his hateful political influence; but no anti-Catholic or religious sentiment mingles with this, and all feel that to blend political with religious opposition to the Popedom would only give a greater advantage to the Vatican. The Piedmontese are, in fact, as little disposed to follow the counsels of Gioberti, as those of Mazzini. The plan of the former to revive Guelphism, and make the Pope the head of a liberal Italian

league, failed too egregiously ever to be resuscitated; while Mazzini's idea of creating, with a word, a religion different from Catholicism, and in some respects an improvement even upon Christianity, is equally exploded. It is not given to either the philosopher or the politician to create a popular religion. It requires a peculiar mind and peculiar circumstances to do that, together with an earnestness in these matters which does not at present exist in Italy. Politics, and not religion, are the order of the day there.

I have expressed regret for the fever and agitation which runs through the minds and the very veins of the Subalpine people. But, in truth, Austria must bear the whole blame for it. Were Austria to come forward, even though still the champion of despotism, as the promoter of material interest through this despotism; were she actively and sincerely to exert herself to ameliorate the governments under her control, such as those of Naples, Tuscany, and Parma; she might have some ultimate chance of safety against the storm now gathering around her. But Austria under its new Emperor is daily losing the spirit of even enlightened despotism, and only draws every day the bonds closer between it and the sacerdotal despotism of ages past. Instead of her attempting to reform and advance the government of Rome, Rome is forcing her daily to retrograde more and more. The new regulations throughout Austria with respect to education are deplorable. The attempt is made to suppress altogether Protestant institutions in Hungary; and the Lombards find themselves resubjected to the priests, and what seems worse, to Austrian priests, after having enjoyed a religiously tolerant government for a century.

It is this attitude taken by Austria, this policy adopted by her, of not merely continuing her old despotism, but resuscitating that of Philip the Second, which throws the Piedmontese into all the agitation and enthusiasm of an extreme antagonism to it. As to addressing notes to the wretched governments of Naples and of Rome, that is a farce, when the government which reigns at Vienna, at Milan, at Florence, at Ancona, and at Parma, is to the full as retrograde, as stupid, and as anile as those of either Naples or Rome itself. Count Buol is a diplomatist, lost in foreign politics; and Bruck is an able man, and not illiberal in matters of trade and finance: but both are utter strangers to the domestic government of Austria, and of the countries which its armies occupy. The Government of Austria wants secularizing as much as that of Rome. This is what the Piedmontese see plainly enough, but what the rest of Europe seems to forget.

HOW TO COMPROMISE, ANNEX, &c.

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period of action shall have arrived,—is the mere A B C of Oriental politics, and, of course, perfectly understood by all professors in that delectable art and mystery. We should have also thought that the doctrine and discipline of compromise—the art of asking much in order that you may get something—of wearying by delay, and exhausting into submission—would have been thoroughly understood by the East India Company, and applied with practised and silent dexterity. In this respect, however, we are bound to say the East India Company has disappointed us. Whether it is that they have had their own way so long with Indian Princes that they have imbibed that impatience of contradiction so apt to be engendered by the habitual exercise of arbitrary power, or whether they really believed that the House of Commons would at the last moment relent, we know not.

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pendent in his bearing as the ruggedest pollard-maple or wych-elm upon his farm.—*Pictures of Nature.*

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LOVE OF THE WONDERFUL.—For, what stronger pleasure is there with mankind, or what do they earlier learn, or longer retain, than the *love of hearing and relating things strange and incredible*? How wonderful a thing is the *Love of Wondering*, and of *raising Wonder*? 'Tis the delight of children to hear tales they shiver at, and the vice of old age to abound in strange stories of times past. We come into the world wondering at everything; and when our wonder about common things is over, we seek something new to wonder at. Our last scene is, to tell wonders of *our own*, to all who will believe 'em. And, amidst all this, 'tis well if Truth comes off but moderately tainted.—*Shaftesbury's Characteristics.*

DEATH, AMIABLE, LOVELY DEATH !

THERE beat a heart whose life was grown
 A thing by Grief made all its own;
 Which felt Affliction's heavy power,
 Each minute of each weary hour,
 And counted every day that pass'd
 By being bitt'r'er than the last.
 Then came full many a lovely thing,
 A comfort to his woe to bring,
 And tried by smile, and play, and jest,
 To melt the icebands from his breast.
 Mirth with her eye half-hid below
 The archly-drooping lid of snow,
 Danc'd near with feet as quick and bright
 As dances from the wave the light,
 And call'd him from his trance away,
 To think no more, but laugh and play.
 But O ! that sweet attractive grace
 Met nought responsive in his face;
 His heavy eye looked up in vain,
 The brightness of her eye to gain;
 It seem'd his heart but ill could brook
 The stir and sparkle of her look,
 And while she still her revel kept,
 He turn'd and hid his face, and wept.

Then Splendor came, and pour'd his store
 Till Fancy could conceive no more;
 And gave whatever Pride and Power
 Could ask to deck their stateliest hour;
 But sad the gold and purple press'd
 Upon the mourner's aching breast;
 And harsh the jewel's ray to him
 Whose weary sight with tears was dim,
 He ever saw, mid all they gave,
 The damp walls of a narrow grave;
 The coffin where his gaze had strain'd
 To see the form that lid contained;
 And heard, 'mid every festive spell,
 The clods that on that coffin fell.
 "Give me the kiss for which I pine,
 Of lips that press'd themselves on mine;
 What worth thy brightness and thy bloom,
 While *they* are with ring in the tomb !"

Next Wit drew near — all objects proving;
 His quiv'ring lips for ever moving;
 Which as they met the sober rays
 That fell upon their living blaze,
 Untwisted all the hues of light;
 And gave a rainbow back to sight.
 But he, the mourner, turn'd aside,
 And thought how Love and Peace had died;
 Wit's flame he saw not as of yore,
 For veil-like rose his thoughts before;
 He could not hear the voice of Wit —
 For there was Sorrow's, drowning it.

Then came a form, whose steady eye
 Unchang'd let all things pass him by;
 And pale and calm, came gazing on
 Up to the sorrow-stricken one.
 The wretch uprais'd his languid head,
 And hail'd that wish'd one's ling'ring tread;

And bar'd his breast, thereon to fold
 The long'd-for touch, serene and cold.
 "Last friend ! 't is thou canst do," he cried,
 "What Mirth, and Wit, and Splendor tried;
 Touch my hot heart and weeping eye, —
 The heart will freeze, the lid will dry;
 Unchain my soul, and let it be
 Free 'mid the spirits of the free."
 He spoke, and with departing breath
 Bless'd the restoring hand of DEATH.

—*Poems by the Author of Paul Ferrol.*

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Ah ! those were very pleasant days,
 The days we spent together,
 Come back through memory's golden haze,
 On cloudless summer weather !
 That I may deem I've saved at least
 Some fragments from life's scattered feast.

We wandered past the shallow stream,
 And through the new-mown hay :
 Each hour was like some glorious dream
 From Paradise astray.
 The scent of roses on the air
 Seem'd part of life which was so fair.

We roamed amid the thick green wood —
 Through the cool pleasant trees;
 And ah ! this world seem'd very good
 With all its memories.
 I never saw the moon so bright
 As through the boughs that summer-night :

And now I hear the bitter rain
 Sweep from the angry heaven,
 As blindly 'gainst the window-pane
 The withered leaves are driven;
 Then faint and lorn the moon appears,
 All dim, like one who smiles through tears.

That ghostly moon's uncertain light
 Flung o'er the gaunt, bare trees —
 The starless sorrow of the night —
 The wailing of the breeze :
 Ah me ! it was another earth
 Where summer reigned in light and mirth ;

And love, so pleasant, although brief,
 Was made for summer-days,
 Departing ere the falling leaf,
 And Autumn's mellow rays;
 Nor does it seem so very strange
 That we, like all things else, should change.

Our dream has vanished as it came;
 Some hours of care it snatched.

Perchance we played a dangerous game,
 But well the players matched.

Without reproach in either heart,
 We clasp cold hands, and so we part.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

M. P. L.

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